The SECRET STORY OF MY LIFE IN THE STUDIOS

Movie Weekly

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Are the Stars Deserting Hollywood?

Who is the Perfect Man of the Screen?

see page 10

Corinne Griffith

EDWARD THAYER MONROE

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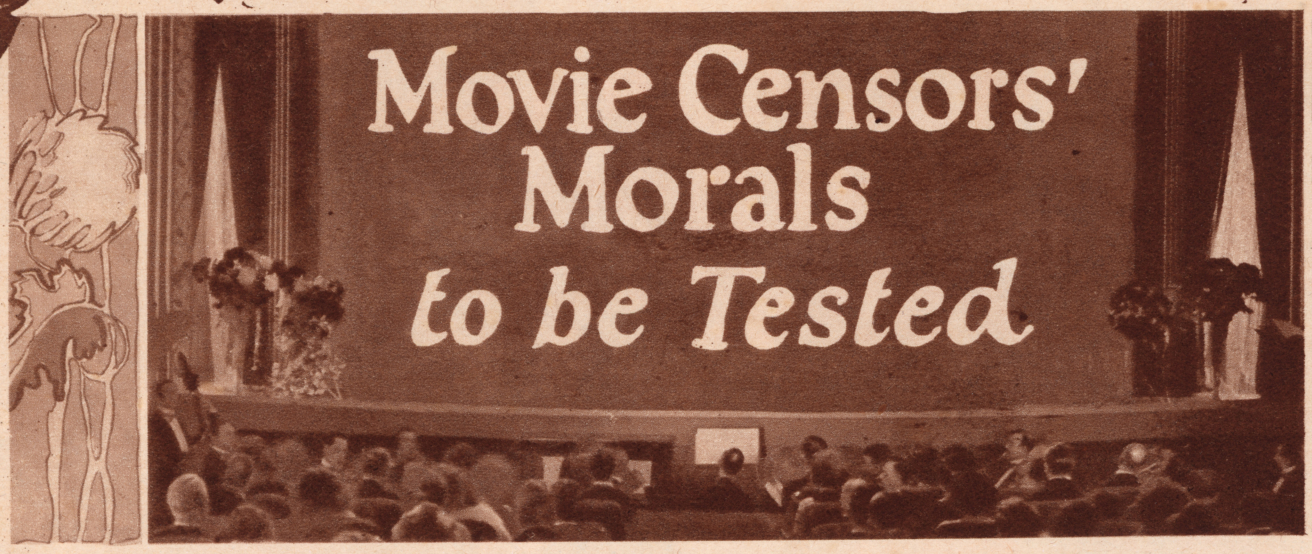

Movie Censors' Morals to be Tested

Coming

It Was To Be

Out in Chicago, where the lake is built so close to the town, a movement has been started to test the morals of censors.

So much has been written about the censors testing other people's morals that the official examining board of censorship has decided to do a bit of testing on its own account of those who seek positions as film censors.

A list of questions has been prepared which will be flashed before the eyes of all applicants for censorship jobs together with a pencil with which to answer fully half a dozen fairly painful questions.

Among these will be:

What do you think of men who make love to other men's wives?

What do you think of kissing?

And girls in lingerie?

And bedroom scenes?

And—but why anticipate?

You will read the inside story of it all in next week's issue of Movie Weekly.

On the newsstands Thursday.

Don't Miss It!

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BEGINNING

The Secret Story of My Life in the Studios

The true and startling disclosures of a great screen star's career—from her starting place in the squalor of cheap theatrical boarding houses, with a mother who was a broken-down actress, to her arrival at the pinnacle of screen fame. Who is she?

I HAVE made up my mind to tell the *truth*. This may sound like an everyday statement, but it isn't. It isn't an everyday statement for a movie star. Most of us were born of a dream. Most of us are starrily suckled on lies. Pretty lies. Clever lies. Ingenious lies. But lies none the less.

These confessions will be the truth. I would not dare to call them confessions if they were not to be the truth. Confessions—that means to me taking off all of my professional clothes, getting down to the Me that was humbly born of my mother and not of my press agent.

I have "confessed" before. Almost all of you, I dare say, at one time or another have read "my confessions." They haven't been confessions at all—I tell you that now. They haven't even been *mine*. They have been my press agent's. He, poor boy, had to do something to earn his salary, quite a good salary it was, too, and so, every now and then, he had me "confess" something or other.

He told fairy tales about my birth. My birthplace has been almost every out of the way spot on the map. He has had it written for the fans that I was born on the bosom of the Sphinx, on a dahabayeeh on the Nile, in Czecho-Slovakia when Czecho-Slovakia was most fashionable. He even had me born on Niagara Falls. So many tourists go there and he thought it would add interest to the Falls if they could think that here was born the "Queen of the Silver Screen." Besides, he was in love with me—while he was my press agent. It wasn't hard for him to manufacture crowns of glory for me. He is another star's press agent now. He is quite as much in love with her as he was with me. He is having her born in much the same places. That is a way of press agents. As a rule, they haven't a great capacity for invention, but they have quite a capacity for love.

This will not be a press agent's story. No press agent knows that I am writing it. If one did he, or she, would think me quite, quite mad. Perhaps I am. I am mad with a passion for self-revelation. I am mad to tell the truth about myself, even though for various reasons, it must be anonymous. I still work. I still have to work. I shall keep on working until younger, newer faces relegate mine to the scrap-heap of "has-beens." The movies are full of them.

There are so many lies to refute that I don't quite know how to begin. Or rather, I don't quite know where to begin, unless it is with my mother and father and with my own birth. That great event, I may begin by saying, was *not* on the Sphinx.

Many stars have told semi-truths about their parents; about their own humble beginnings and all that sort of thing. The most that they dared to say is that their mothers (they almost all have mothers and few indeed declare fathers) were poor but proud. My mother was poor, too, but she was not proud. Not in the least. You see, she had nothing to be proud about. It wasn't that she had sense enough to know this. She didn't. She didn't even have sense. This sounds cruel. It is. The truth generally is. But I am resolved to have the truth, be the price what it may—even that of cruelty.

I said to her: "Is that why your eyes look like wet violets?"

MY MOTHER had been a vaudeville actress. A very poor one. She played before I was born, five night stands in third rate towns. She played a comprehensive repertoire and played it, I am told, worse than it is usually played. While she was "on tour," she met my father. He was a clown in the circus. It is marvellous and pathetic how my rise to stardom has obliterated my mother and father; how it has made a lady and gentleman out of them, when they were not.

My mother was not a lady in any sense of the word. My father was still less a gentleman. They were kind to me after their fashions, but their fashions consisted in keeping me up all night if it was not convenient for them to go to bed, feeding me a diet which consisted chiefly of baker's pastry and lollipops to "pacify" me and roosting in cheap boarding houses when they had the money to roost anywhere.

After my mother and father were married, my father left the circus and got a job with my mother in the stock company she was playing in. She was the ingenue then. After I was born she lost most of her looks and became the character woman. She wasn't so good at that and she felt nervous and sick most of the time. When I was three years old my father ran away with the ingenue who had succeeded my mother. This broke my mother up once and for all, so far as acting went. I suppose she had loved my father, in her way. I sometimes think it was the only authentic feeling she ever had. She didn't have much for me—then. She has developed one since.

Of course that's why there has never been any mention of my father. I don't mean because he ran away with the faded little ingenue. The press agents would have exaggerated that poor little infatuation into what the French call a *liaison* with some famous tragedienne, and Father would have been an added lustre to my fame instead of being forgotten.

WE NEVER knew what became of father. He and his little ingenue dropped out of our lives and have never reappeared. I am almost certain he must be dead. I imagine that he would trace me down if he were living. The paltry fact that I have changed my name, and, certainly, my looks, would not have balked him. Some instinct would have made him ferret me out. My salary would have been the come-on.

All this will sound very bitter. It will sound as though *I* am bitter. But I'm not. I'm only telling the truth as plainly and simply as I know how. I'm not a writer. I'm a movie actress, and there is a great difference between the two. After all, why should the truth be bitter? It is sad and sordid, but it *IS* the truth and that, more than anything else, is what I am striving for in these honest-to-God confessions of mine.

After father departed mother left the stage. She left the town we were then playing in, or she was then playing in. She rented a small house near the railway tracks and took in "roomers."

The house stood bleakly on the street. It had its side to the small railway station and tracks. To the other side stretched a street of alternate shops and shabby houses. They were all unpainted and blistery with sun and rain, hot and cold. The houses had grimy-looking, very stiff, very elaborate lace curtains in the windows. Some of them were tied back with very stiff bows of gaudy-colored ribbons. My mother thought that was an "elegant touch" and one summer when our rooms were full she bought some chrome yellow ribbon and tied our curtains back. Next to father in their hey-dey, I believe that yellow ribbon gave her more satisfaction than any other thing in her whole life, up to that time.

I never gave her any satisfaction at all—not then.

In the first place, I was an ugly child. Most of us, us stars, I mean, were either beautiful in-

fants, or infant prodigies or something unusual. I wasn't. I never had my photograph taken until I was about eleven, and that was only a snapshot made by the delicatessen man down the street who had a passion for photography, and which was enlarged by a strolling drummer who had a passion for *me*. I was hideous even in the picture, except for my eyes, which looked out from the thin structure of my face with a really awful yearning and a sort of a tragic beauty.

As a tiny child I know that I was fearful. Mother generally referred to me as "the ugly little brat." I was underfed, over-dressed (when I was "fixed up" at all) and pasty-pale. My hair was stringy and hung about my shoulders like limp flax. I was scrawny and no one ever wanted to cuddle me.

In those days I recall only one demonstration of affection from my mother. I forget where it happened, or how it happened, but suddenly one time she caught me up and held me tightly to her and gave me a terrible rain of kisses all over my face and whispered sort of fiercely, "You poor little kid, you, you poor little kid. . . .!" I think she loved me at that moment. I think she would always have loved me if she hadn't loved my father so much at first and hated him so much at the last.

THEN we were so poor. Not artistically poor, as the world has been told. Mother was no "artist." She had no aspirations for me. She didn't want me to be an actress. She didn't think anything about what I was to be. She had all she could do, and all she could think of, keeping that wretched little house clean and getting our meals.

I didn't want to be an actress. I didn't think about it. As a matter of fact, if I had thought about it I should probably have thought *against* it. Mother had been an actress, and look at mother. I was really predisposed against the profession. There was implanted in my mind, or in my young and undeveloped instincts, a fear of actors. Look what one of them had done to my mother! Even after I went on the screen I found myself distrusting the members of my own profession—when they were men. I got over that, as half the world knows!

Now, sometimes, when I look at myself in the mirror, which I do a considerable portion of the time, of course, I think to myself in the words of the old nursery rhyme, "Lawk-a-mercy, can this be !" I can scarcely believe that the round curves of my body, the wealth of my hair, the satin of my skin, grew up from that poor, thin child in that rooming-house neighboring the railway station.

In a way, it was good training. It was the raw of life. Not the raw with a romance to it, but the ugly raw. Gritty beds. Gritty food. Gritty people. Uninteresting rawness, dull, dreadful rawness, and yet with a lesson in it all.

When I was eight I began to go to the public school on the outskirts of the town. I had to walk three and one-half miles to and from school every day, and I sometimes think that I must have developed my leg muscles in that fashion. I know that they were well developed when, some years later, my director advised me to take up esthetic dancing.

My first teacher gave me my first idea of beauty. She was a wistful woman, about thirty, I imagaine, although I thought then that she was years and years older. She must have been pretty once. She had, even then, soft fair hair and a sort of clear pale skin and eyes that came to remind me of wet violets. I think they were wet quite often—with tears.

SHE told me when I came to know her better that once she had loved someone very, very much, but that that Someone hadn't loved her. I said to her, "Is that why your eyes look like wet violets?" and she looked surprised and even, I thought, a little bit pleased and she held me for a moment up against her breast and said, "Yes, that's why. . . ."

She seemed to take a fancy to me. She told me that I wasn't ugly in the least, not to her, and that made me feel within me the stirrings of a desire to be less ugly than ever to her. I believe this about beauty, as a matter of fact. . . . So many fans all over the world write me and ask me my secrets of beauty, and my press agent answers some of them and my secretary answers the others and probably they tell the inquiring ones that I bathe in June dewdrops or walk five miles in the early dawning. I do neither, of course. Dew is a chilly, disagreeable form of *wetness,* and I'm far too lazy to get out of bed in the morning, unless it is a matter of duty and the call of the studio. No. One of the greatest aids to beauty is *the desire to be beautiful for Someone's sake.*

"He can't be much account," mother said. "He's got the job of playing in the movie theatre."

Girls in love are always more beautiful than girls who are not in love. Love glorifies the face. It does more. It freshens the skin, as with heavenly breezes. It puts into dull eyes the light that never was on land or sea. It even revivifies the hair and makes it lustreful.

I WANTED to be beautiful for Miss———. Just because she had amazed me and quickened my sensibilities by telling me tenderly that I was not ugly, I conceived the notion that I might go further—that I might be beautiful! It was a wonderful thought. It never left me. All of my childhood life I wanted fiercely, wildly, to be beautiful. I think I wanted it more than I wanted anything else. I confess that I had no burning ambition to compare artistically with Bernhardt. I much preferred being as beautiful as Lillian Russell was reputed to be.

I told Miss——— that, and she laughed a little, and said that beauty was a great coin, but that it was not everything. I said to her, cruelly, I suppose, "If you had been more beautiful than you are would Someone have gone away?" and she said, "No, I think then that he might have stayed. He loved beautiful women—too much."

Miss——— read me poetry, too. She took my stunted little sense of beauty and tried to evoke music from it. Chords of charm. She read me "Odes to Beauty" and "Sonnets to Lesbia." She sang me little tender songs and sent me home from the schoolhouse, where we would stay long after the others were gone, with mists across my eyes and such a sweet feeling around my heart! I was getting hold of things I had never even thought of. Ah, she taught me things, that little school teacher of the long ago!

She taught me the importance of Self, too. I mean she showed me the beginnings of the fact that it is what *you* are that really matters, not what your mother was, nor your father, nor all of your family put together.

When the children in the town found out, and children in towns find out *everything*, that my father had once been a circus clown and had subsequently run away from my mother; that my mother had been an actress in a cheap stock company and that we kept the rooming-house near the station where all the undesirables, the flotsam and jetsam deposited by the railroad, stayed for a night or for a number of nights, they made all manner of fun of me.

THEY called me "Clownie!" and "Barnum's Baby" and other nicknames devised to torture the heart of a child. But Miss——— told me not to mind. She told me about "sticks and stones that hurt your bones, but names that never hurt you." I believed her. I sort of "got" what she meant, but there were a great many time when I would rather have had the sticks and stones.

"It's what you *are*, dear," she told me. "It's what you make of yourself. Don't let things, or people, drag you down. Keep your face turned toward the stars." Well, I finally did, Both kind of stars, too!

When I was ten and a half, Miss ——— died.

She had given me the beginnings of beauty. She had planted in my stony little breast the first frail seeds. Now, with her peaceful, glad kind of death, she gave me my first sense of tragedy. She gave me *grief.*

I sort of knew that she was glad to die. I went to her funeral. I went all alone. I tied an old black ribbon around my thin arm and I wore, I remember, my best "white" dress. It was never very white, because mother wasn't very good at washing things, but it served as white none the less.

She lived in a little cottage with an old couple out near the schoolhouse. I don't remember the details very well. I just have a dim and a sweet memory of looking at her face as it lay in the casket. Her wet violet eyes were closed—and dry. Her hands looked so thin and waxen, like immortelles and were folded across her heart. I thought, "Her heart has hurt so much, it must be glad to stop."

I kissed her on her forehead, but I remember that I didn't cry.

School didn't mean much to me, after that. There was always an aching void in that building where Miss———had been, and when I was eleven and a half mother told me I could stay at home with her and help with the house.

When I was twelve mother got married again

and a great change came to us all. I'll tell about that later on.

Mother married again very suddenly, or at least it seemed very suddenly to me.

It happened something like this: One hot summer day I was hanging out the wash in the back of the house. All at once a mild voice said, "You take roomers—don't you?"

I LOOKED up and there stood a man; about forty, he must have been then. He was stooped and his hair needed a cut and was streaked with gray and he wore steel-rimmed spectacles.

I forget the details of calling my mother and the subsequent arrangements, but I know that there was a room for him, and that I was glad when I knew he was to stay. And then I didn't think much more about him until one day my mother said to me, "I'm going to be married again."

I remember that I ran out of the room and up into my own room and threw myself on the iron cot and sobbed the sort of sobs no child should know.

I cried until it grew dark and then I remember jumping up in a sudden fury and running blindly down to the kitchen.

Mother was bending over the stove. I saw, without taking in the significance, that her hair was neatly combed and that she had on the dress she generally wore on Sundays. I didn't notice anybody else with her in the kitchen.

"Ma!" I said. "Ma, you shan't do it! I won't let you! He'll hurt you! He'll run away and leave you! He'll run away with some girl! You'll see . . . they all do . . . pa did . . . Miss ————'s young man did. Don't do it, Ma . . . *don't do it . . .!*"

Ma stood stock still and looked bewildered and somewhat embarrassed and then I noticed that the kindly roomer was sitting in a corner by the boiler and that he was beckoning to me. I walked over to him, all puffy-eyed and breathless, supposing that he would yell at me, or, perhaps, smack me good and proper as the roomers had been in the habit of doing now and then if I got in their way.

But he didn't. He held out his hand to me, and drew me to his knee, and when he spoke his voice brought the lump into my throat again, the same lump Miss———— had always brought when she spoke to me:

"Why," he said, "why, you poor little kid, you, you poor little kid!" And then he held me there and told me he was going to marry my mother because he was very fond of her. He was her *friend,* he said, and friends didn't go back on friends, didn't I know that?

He went on in his kind of tired-out, gentle voice and said he only wished he had some money to take us away where we wouldn't have to work all the time and be poor, but that he had always been a "funny old codger."

I saw my mother kind of sniffing and for once I felt a bond of sympathy with her. I knew just how she was feeling then.

Mother and Daddy went to the next town and were quietly married, with only me there to watch, and he gave her an old silver wedding ring. It had been his mother's.

Daddy had been traveling for some concern when he stopped off at our town to stay with us. He had been selling "notions." But after he married my mother, he decided to try to get some job in the town and then he could help her with the house and be more useful all around. He finally got a job in the local hardware store at a salary of twelve dollars a week.

WHEN mother had been married to him for about a year she had a baby.

The baby was a boy, and he lived only two months, but it was the baby who really gave me my mother.

People speak and write, and read, too, of the great bond between my mother and me. Of how we are always together and of how she loves me and all that sort of thing. It isn't a press agent's story. She does love me . . . now. She has loved me ever since the baby was born. But she didn't love me before.

Well, a year or so after the baby's death, Daddy Gray-Eyes died, too.

He had never been very strong, and in the winter time he caught a fearful cold and he went about for months coughing and growing thinner, and kinder, to, if possible, and one night he simply went to sleep and didn't wake up.

My mother sobbed, "He wouldn't give any trouble even when he dies." We buried him together in the same churchyard with Miss————.

After the funeral my mother found that he had been insured for three thousand dollars. She decided that we would go away from the town and start again somewhere else.

I was almost fourteen then. And I had begun to think. I had begun to plan. Beauty . . . and money. . . . With these two things the world might be conquered.

"Oh!" I said, ruffling my skirts. "I'm going to be a movie actress."

I was beginning to change, too, at that time. My hair had grown softer and thicker. My sallow skin was beginning to grow creamy and rich. My eyes shone out of my face like stars.

Two months after Daddy's death we moved to ————. Mother took another house there, quite a bit away from the town, and we took boarders, full-fledged, instead of roomers. She had a Polish girl to do the rough part of the work.

In this town I had my first initiation into the movies. They were cheap and mother and I used to go Saturday nights.

Once, pointing to one of the stars, well-known today, quite as well-known as I am, she said, "You remind me of her sometimes!"

I didn't think much of it at that moment. My mother had acquired a sort of a wistful habit of saying nice things in those days. She seemed to be all the while trying to make up for all the horrid things she had said, and all the nice things she had left unsaid.

When I was in bed that night I thought about it again. I remembered the pretty clothes she wore and the way she acted the love scenes, and I thought, "I bet I could do that!" Just for fun I crawled out of bed, lit the light, and stood before the small mirror in my bureau. With my reflected self as audience, I went through all that I could remember of the scenes I had watched ———— do. I grew fascinated. I did them over and over. Then I tried single bits. I laughed. I smiled merrily. I smiled wistfully. I looked fierce. I looked passionately angry. I looked wistful and what I thought charming. I strutted up and down.

I went to bed in an ecstasy. *I knew now.* I knew what I was going to do. Nothing could stop me. Nothing *should* stop me. I didn't know how to begin. I didn't know where to begin. But I would! I was going to be a movie actress!

I began to evade as much of the housework as was decently possible. I began to grow vain of my hands. I went to the movies as many times as I could get spare change to go with, and I watched the different girls with painstaking scrutiny. They all had beautiful hands.

The summer I was fifteen Clemence Vail came to our house.

Clemence was handsome, unscrupulous and fairly young. From the beginning he had his eye on me.

Mother should never have taken him in. If she had been wiser, poor dear, she would have told him to go anywhere else so long as he didn't stop with us. When she saw his six feet of blondness, the untamed fire in his blue eyes, the spring of his long limbs, she should have thought of me, all waiting and unawakened, and sent him away.

But she didn't think. She didn't think about me at all in connection with him. She simply saw him as another boarder, and we needed another boarder.

SHE told me about him that night while I was brushing my hair before we went downstairs.

"He can't be much account," mother said, "he's got the job of playing in the movie theatre. But I s'pose he'll be good for the money."

I remember that I immediately felt protective. "I don't see," I said, "why he should be 'no account' just because he plays in the movie theatre. He may have high ambitions. He may aim to become a movie actor!"

"Well," said my mother sharply, "that's worse yet. . . ."

"I'm going to be a movie actress myself," I said, sullenly.

"Oh, well, girls are different," said my mother. "besides," she added, "I'm not worrying about any chance of that yet and I guess you needn't either."

Clemence Vail hadn't come in yet when we got

(*Continued on page 29*)

Making faces—up In the Movies

Holding the mirror up to nature is not half so thrilling as holding the mirror up to *Bebe Daniels*, as *Glenn Hunter* can testify.

In the reflections of *"The French Doll,"* the mirror gets *Mae Murray's* reflected glory.

When *Gloria Swanson* perfumes her lips, we can scent danger.

Jacqueline Logan is armed with a mirror, in case she needs protection.

Agnes is not putting on *Ayres*, but she's probably putting on make-up.

Are all Women Gold Diggers?

"YES!"

says Hope Hampton

"In making her choice of a husband," said *Miss Hampton*, "a girl usually selects a man who will be able to provide for her."

Blonde screen beauty* comments upon the natural propensity of *her own sex* to *choose man* who can *give her most

By David A. Balch

LONG ever ago, we read a novel by a celebrated author who said, among other good things, if true, that "all women—even the best of them—were hypocrites." The novelist, if we recall correctly, offered his grandmother as authority for this astonishing statement.

It was not unnatural, therefore, that we should ask Hope Hampton—so fresh from her triumphs in the screen version of "The Gold Diggers"—whether or not all women were gold diggers in the accepted sense of that phrase. It was an appropriate question, we thought, and a significant one.

"Yes," said Miss Hampton without hesitation, "I think they are." And that was that.

But, bathed in the luxury of Miss Hampton's Park Avenue home, we had just as naturally pursued the question a bit farther, for the temptation to linger and to talk with anyone with such exquisite coloring was nothing if not tremendous. We studied the fragile, waxen texture of her skin and her hair that was something like finely spun and gleaming copper.

"Why?" we asked again, relaxing a trifle. We just wanted to look—and listen.

"Well," she responded slowly, "I think that it's necessary for them to be. I realize," she continued quickly, "that when I say this I am saying something for which a great many of my sex may find it difficult to forgive me. Women, you know," she explained with an irrepressible twinkle, "are constantly alert in some matters to maintain what Bernard Shaw called a 'conspiracy of silence.' There are some things to which men are not admitted, and one of them is the frank admission of just how calculating, how mercenary (to use a hated term), the ages have taught them to be.

"You ask me—'Are all women gold diggers?' Well, by this I gather are all women governed to a certain extent in their dealings with men by a consideration of economic things? And I answer, 'Yes, they are.' And for this reason:

"The young girl starting out in life has in most cases the destination of matrimony. It is the instinct of her being, her foreordained purpose. The means whereby this may be attained is naturally a man, and if she is to marry well or to marry—not so well—the financial status of the man is an important factor."

Miss Hampton raised her blue eyes in a gaze of searching earnestness.

"I don't mean by this," she went on, "to say that the average girl is deliberately mercenary. I only mean to describe the situation most find themselves in and the factors that go to make them consider other things than just the mere attraction to anyone.

"In these times," Miss Hampton observed, "we are constantly surrounded by the things of comfort that only money can procure. And a girl who is considering matrimony is compelled to consider, if she thinks at all, of the necessity which she owes both herself and her children-to-be for obtaining living conditions which will be favorable to them both. It isn't so much that she herself is a gold digger, to use that term, but that the generations of women with their similar problems behind her have made her consider other than just the emotional side of life. It's an hereditary force which for the average girl is inescapable.

"In this way, you will find usually that a girl, in making her choice of a husband, selects one who, other things being equal, is able properly to provide for her. And, really, why shouldn't she?"

WE AGREED with Miss Hampton. She had put the matter fairly, we thought, and in a way that it hadn't occurred to us before to think of.

"But what of the other variety?" we questioned, "the show girl sort . . . the real gold digger, such as Jerry is in your picture?"

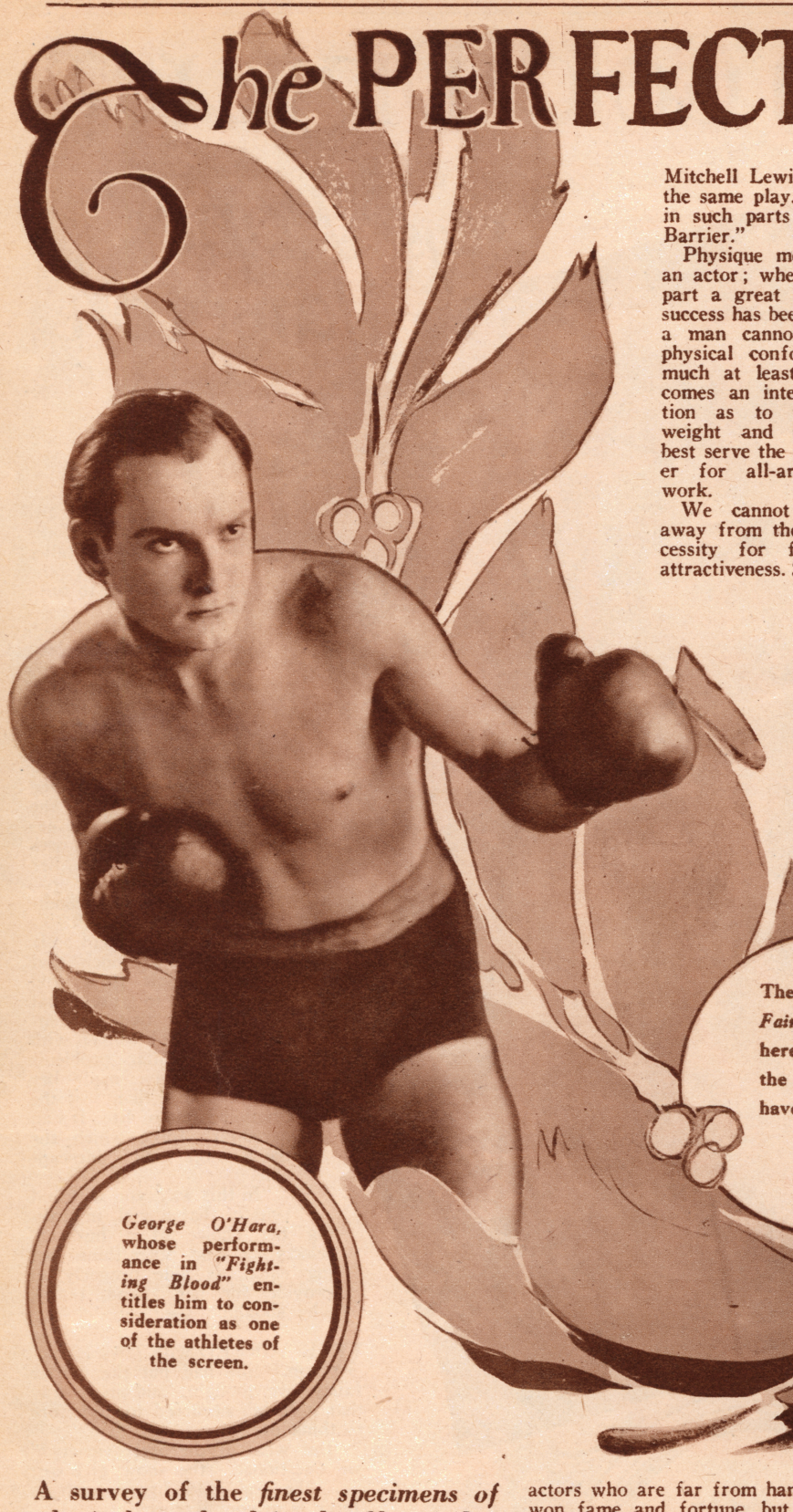
Miss Hampton smiled brightly.

"Perhaps," she answered, "if you knew the problems of those girls' lives, you wouldn't wonder much at the things they do. Or the men they gold-dig. Perhaps, if you saw the men, you wouldn't wonder at all. But, I most emphatically don't think that most girls have this attitude toward men or are gold diggers in that sense of the term. I *do* think, however, that all women are governed by a consideration of the material in life and that those who are not are exceptions that prove the rule."

"Absolutely," we agreed, as we took our leave, and, as we thought of some of the ladies we had known, we meant it, too.

But, after all—we always defend the ladies—men can't blame them for being gold diggers. For men have been pampering them so for centuries, that if they have turned into gold diggers, it's men who have made them so.

The PERFECT MAN OF THE



George O'Hara, whose performance in *"Fighting Blood"* entitles him to consideration as one of the athletes of the screen.

The agile *Doug Fairbanks* is seen here doing one of the stunts that have made him famous.

In muscular development, few screen actors surpass *George Walsh*.

A survey of the *finest specimens of physical manhood* in the films today with a comparative analysis of their respective proportions

By L. E. Eubanks

ONE of the most conspicuous facts in relation to motion picture stars is that no one player is equally good in all kinds of roles. I do not care how great his histrionic art, a man of less than average height cannot be truly impressive in the role of a Northwest lumberjack or a bad man of the gold mines. On the other hand, such men as William S. Hart and Tom Santschi are at their best as outdoor heroes and are just a little bit disappointing in the drawing room. Guy Bates Post has but few equals as an actor, but to me he seemed out of place as a miner in "Gold Madness." And so did Mitchell Lewis as an office man in the same play. Lewis is unbeatable in such parts as "Pleon," in "The Barrier."

Physique means a lot to an actor; when it suits the part a great stride toward success has been taken. But a man cannot change his physical conformation, not much at least, and it becomes an interesting question as to what height, weight and measurements best serve the player for all-around work.

We cannot get away from the necessity for facial attractiveness. Some actors who are far from handsome have won fame and fortune, but they did it *in spite* of their plainness; homeliness is not capital—except for some special purpose. Rudolph Valentino, perhaps the most discussed actor today, owes three-fourths of his popularity to his handsome face—and this is not to deny that he is a fine actor. But I have planned in this article to deal particularly with bodily proportions.

I am not very strong for ancient masculine models; Apollo was a bit too short and not well proportioned, while Hercules was too large. There are plenty of living models today who "out-model" any of the old masterpieces of statuary. Douglas Fairbanks, a man of about Apollo's height, is a far better proportioned figure than the statue; and William Farnum, as a bulky type, has a more pleasing physique than the overmassive Farnese Hercules.

Men of six feet plus, who weigh from 200 to 220 pounds—such men as William Russell, Hobart Bosworth and Tom Santschi—do not look too big as long as they are in the open, but there are some parts, when it comes to indoor work, particularly if they play opposite women of five feet minus, wherein such size is a disadvantage. Also, speed is just as desirable a quality of physique as strength, and, speaking generally, heavyweights cannot be as fast and supple as smaller men.

If we were attempting to point out the Samson of the screen, we would look among the big fellows. Farnum, Santschi and Duncan carry a man of their own poundage about as easily as the average man carries a child. In personal combat Farnum and Bosworth often display tremendous strength. Santschi said that he was a wreck for days after his famous scrap with Farnum in "The Spoilers," and who that saw it can ever forget Farnum's struggle with Alphonze Ethier in "Rough and Ready." Strength, endurance, gameness and skill — Farnum "had everything" that day.

IN THE 180-pound class, we find such actors as Tom Mix, Harry Carey, Dustin Farnum, Irving Cummings, Francis X. Bushman and Conway Tearle. To be accurate, I believe Bushman weighs 175 pounds and stands 5 feet 11 inches in height. These are splendid proportions, especially when accompanied by the strength, activity and grace of Francis X. He was for years one of the best amateur

SCREEN-WHO IS HE?

wrestlers (the champion, if I remember correctly) of California, and is remarkably clever at boxing. A bout under regular ring rules between Bushman and William Desmond would be worth walking miles to see!

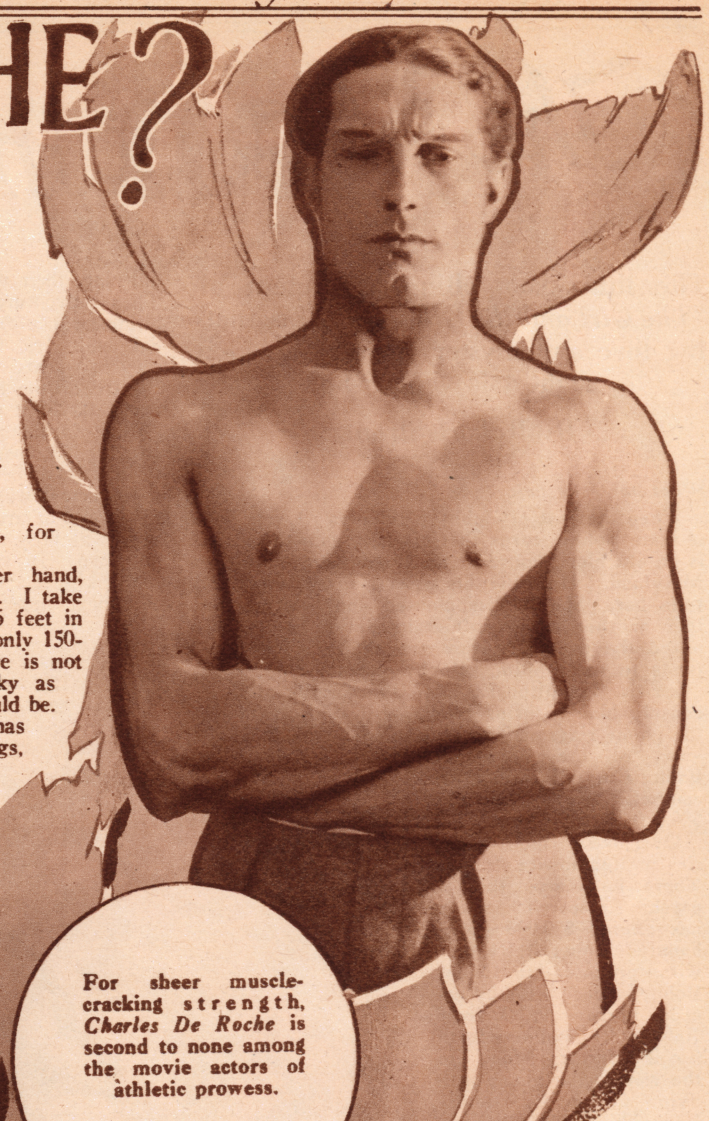
Dustin Farnum, standing 6 feet and weighing 180 pounds, is mighty good to look at. He might not be able to handle his brother Bill, but all others better be warned. I have often noticed Dustin's fine chest; the next time you see him in his shirt-sleeves, notice the man's chest; his pectoral muscles are as prominent as those of many professional strong men.

TOM MIX is undeniably one of the screen's most perfect specimens. He is about Dustin Farnum's size, with a bit more speed and dash than "Dusty" shows. His bodily carriage and general physical poise and accuracy proclaim the superior athlete even to inexperienced observers. Mix is always "in condition," for he takes excellent care of his health and muscles. If I were picking a 180-pounder, I would certainly have to linger a long time over Mix.

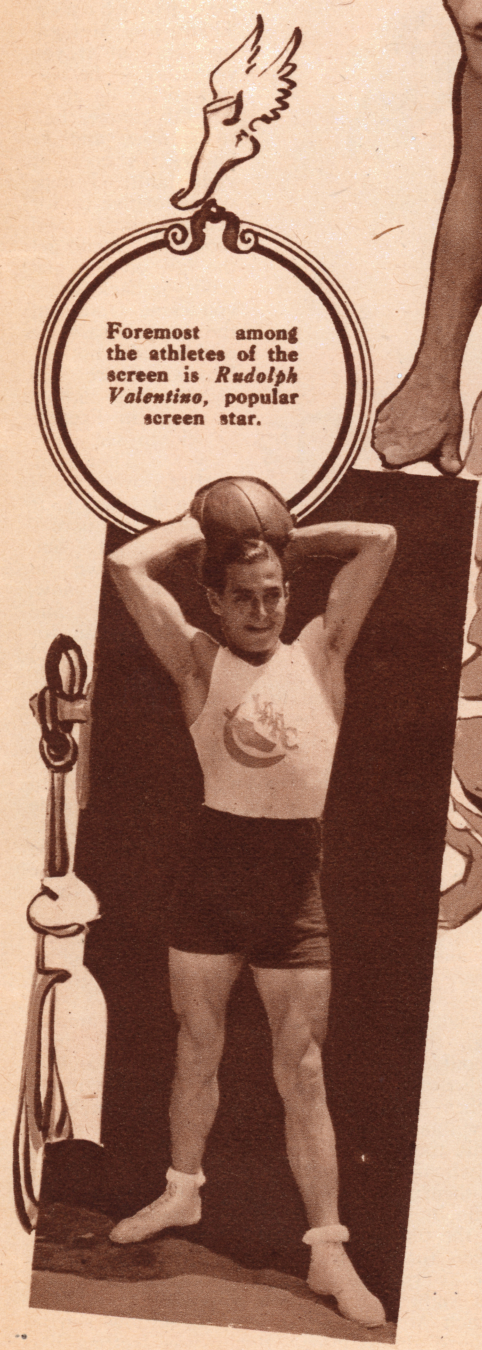
But, remembering that "good things often come in small packages," let us take another 20-pound step downward, and consider such men as Douglas Fairbanks, Reginald Denny, George Walsh, Rudolph Valentino, George O'Hara and Charles De Roche.

Fairbanks, at 5 feet 8 inches, is a trifle short for the ideal screen physique, as I see it. He weighs 160 pounds or more, and has a wonderfully well-knit figure; from his neck to his ankle he is muscle—educated muscles, for Doug is an all-round athlete.

Valentino, on the other hand, strikes me as a bit slender. I take him to be not far from 6 feet in height, and as he weighs only 150-odd, his figure is not quite as husky as our ideal should be. Valentino has good legs,



For sheer muscle-cracking strength, *Charles De Roche* is second to none among the movie actors of athletic prowess.



Foremost among the athletes of the screen is *Rudolph Valentino*, popular screen star.

***Conrad Nagel* stands high on the roster of screen athletes for his lithe activity.**

tall enough to have a good reach for such sports as boxing, yet short enough to possess good leverage in tests of sheer strength. Now we have decided on a height falling between that of Tom Mix and Douglas Fairbanks, approximately perfect men of their respective types. Looking around for an actor of about 5 feet 10 inches in stature whose build will represent something of an average between Tom and Doug, the man who comes most vividly to my mind is Antonio Moreno. Here we have much of the Farnum strength, the speed of a Fairbanks, the grace of a Kosloff, and the face of a Valentino.

WITH all the requisites of the work considered, I would say that our screen Apollo should look about like this under the tape line: Height, 5 feet 10 inches; sitting height, 37 inches; weight, 165 pounds; head girth, 23 inches; neck, 15½ inches; chest, 40 inches; waist, 31 inches; biceps, 14½ inches; forearm, 12 inches; wrist, 7 inches; hips, 38 inches; thigh, 22½ inches; calf, 15 inches; arm-span, 70 inches; length of foot, 10½ inches; capacity of lungs, 320 cubic inches.

Of course, all physical excellence is not expressible in mathematical terms. The only way to measure that abstract quality we call muscular education is by its achievements. Two men built along the same lines and possessing the same degree of strength, may perform a given action in vastly different ways. Strength, suppleness, responsiveness, co-ordination, are abstract qualities of muscle; but we recognize their concrete value when we see Bushman drop his opponent with a left hook that can scarcely be beaten in the prize ring; when we see Fairbanks scale a wall; and Tom Mix scrambles himself with a horse all over a hillside, then comes up as good as new.

(perhaps from so much dancing exercise), but his arms leave considerable to be desired.

Herbert Rawlinson and George Walsh are both first-class athletes. Some of the best athletic screen work I have seen was done by Rawlinson. Walsh has a truly beautiful physique. I do not know his height and weight, but he gives the impression of being very near the perfect man for screen work. In his college days George was a star footballer and wrestler, and there is not another actor in the world with more pep and ginger.

Mere height and weight are not sufficient. Many of our actors have bulk enough, but it is not always well distributed. Admitting that a figure may be approximately perfect at any height, what is the height at which perfect symmetry gives the most pleasing effect? Our perfect screen hero, as we have seen, must be able to "do things," not merely pose. His height, weight and development much be such as to qualify him for all-round work—assuming temperamental fitness, etc.

The height that best allows a man to meet a variety of tests is 5 feet 10 inches. A man of this height is

The Man in the Green Cap

The third compelling instalment of *"The Girl and the Ghost,"* the fascinating love and mystery story, in which a ghost is vanquished

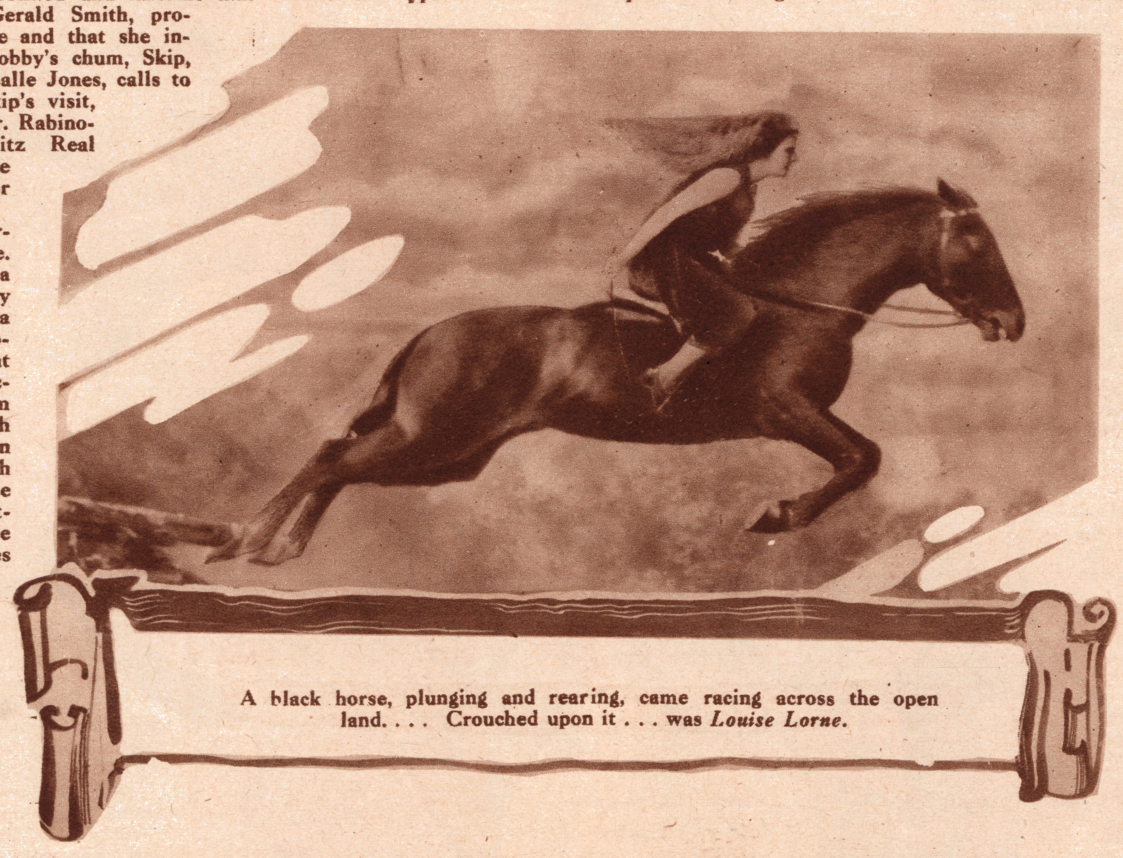
By Robert Strange

What has gone before:

When the will of Bobby Culberson's Uncle Tim is read, Bobby learns that his only gain therefrom is an old block house in the mountains of western Maryland. He calls his sweetheart, Hetty, and tells her. She is disappointed and informs him that another admirer, Gerald Smith, proposed the evening before and that she intends to accept him. Bobby's chum, Skip, otherwise Hamilton La Salle Jones, calls to console him. During Skip's visit, the phone rings and a Mr. Rabinowitz, of the Rabinowitz Real Estate Co., tells Bobby he can sell the old house for $50,000.

Overjoyed, Bobby hurries to Rabinowitz's office. There he learns that a psychic research society has offered $50,000 for a haunted house. Rabinowitz proposes to haunt Bobby's house. Bobby accepts, borrows $1,000 from Rabinowitz, and sets forth for Frederick, Md. On the way to the house with Skip, he meets Louise Lorne, his boyhood sweetheat. Arriving at the house, an old man refuses him admittance, but he breaks in. The old man threatens him with a shot-gun and an old woman, his companion, curses him. But Skip overcomes the old pair, who disappear.

Bobby and Skip make a systematic search of the house and find an old trunk in the attic containing an ancient diary. They start to read the diary, in the midst of which the girl again appears and is abducted by the old woman on the horse. Skip and Bobby sit spellbound.



A black horse, plunging and rearing, came racing across the open land. . . . Crouched upon it . . . was *Louise Lorne.*

INTO Bobby Culberson's ears there came a confused sound of artillery.

At first he imagined it to be central punishing his ear after he had bawled her out for not getting a number. Then he identified it as the trampling hoofs of many thousands of horses. Every horse was ridden, he felt certain, by a withered, mouthing hag.

He caught Skip by the shoulders and shook him violently. Skip and Bobby thus awoke simultaneously. And then Bobby knew what the sound really was. It was Mrs. Melchizadek Hope, rapping her knuckles against the panel of the door. It was morning on Shadrach Mountain.

"Helloa!" cried Bobby feebly.

"Your breakfast is waiting!" declaimed Mrs. Hope, and left them.

Without speaking, Bobby and Skip began to dress. For once in their lives, they felt the futility of conversation. Their minds were too crowded with memories and questions, for talk. Their usual badinage had lost its tang. They were sobered and thoughtful.

Now that they faced remembrance of the night in the broad sunshine of the golden mountain morning, their weird experiences bewildered them. Their adventures on their arrival, the singular disappearance and reappearance of Mr. Melchizadek and Mrs. Charity Hope; the strange noises they had heard; their discoveries in the attic; the spectre of the ancient equestrienne, considered in broad daylight all seemed unbelievable.

Bobby's thoughts were as bitter as they were baffling. Louise had been kidnapped, and he had tried to save her in vain. His heart was ashes.

Breakfast was served in the kitchen. Melchizadek was not around when they descended, but his wife was busy at the range, and the table was set for two. In spite of their despondency, Bobby and Skip felt the gnawing pangs of that great American appetite which is the precious heritage of such youths. With something more than akin to a gleam of satisfaction, they inhaled the savory odor of Mrs. Hope's cooking, and they attacked the fried liver, country sausage, boiled eggs, buckwheat cakes and corn pone with lively enthusiasm. Heartily they ate, though they were still suspicious of Mrs. Hope. Ravenously they devoured what she had cooked, though believing that tucked away somewhere in the corner of the buckwheats, or in some other place, there might lurk prussic acid or dynamite.

Mrs. Hope was the first to speak.

"You young fellows don't like us much, I guess," she stated, darting a keen glance over her steel-rimmed spectacles from one to the other. "I don't know as we've got much call to feel nice about you two, neither. Mighty queer goings on in your room last night after I came downstairs. But I guess it ain't my business to ask questions of you in your own house. But I'd like to have a little talk with you."

"Mrs. Hope, we are glad to talk with you," Bobby assured her. "We can't stay here very long, for Mr. Jones and I have an important matter that will keep us out on the mountain, perhaps all day. But we can talk to you later—and if you have something important, why, speak it right now."

Mrs. Hope heaved a sigh.

"What did you come up her fur?" she asked.

"Why, because I wanted to see the house my uncle left me. It's mine."

"That's what you said yestiddy," she recalled. "But we didn't believe it. Don't you understand, young fellers—this has been our home for forty years. I was housekeeper for your grandfather, and for your uncle after the old man died. We always thought when your uncle died he would leave us the place; we knew he was a hard man, but we didn't think he would treat us that way.

"He never paid us a cent—just give us free rent—for keeping the place up, I made a little on the side with my sewing and Mel does odd jobs here and there; but Mr. Culberson, it's been all we could do to live on, and we haven't got a cent saved. Our last dollar went into a Liberty Bond and that's all we got. And now you've come to claim your place, we don't know what to do. We ain't got a relation in the world, and we don't want to go to the poorhouse. That's why Mel got the shot-gun at you yesterday — he was just so het up about it. Of course, he's sorry now, and he knows it's none of your fault. I hope you'll forgive us for acting so queer. Mel thought he could get the law on you and send you back where you came from, but the lawyer said he couldn't do nothin'. That's where we was last night—down in Frederick, to see Lawyer Thompson. But we won't stand in your way no more—we'll git out. Mel's down in Frederick now, trying to find what we can for ourselves."

BOBBY had listened to her attentively. When she had finished, he stood up, and said:

"Mrs. Hope, this place is yours. I don't want it and I won't have it. By right it is yours—you have earned it; I haven't. I am going to deed this property to you and your husband. Come on, Skip!"

And that was the how and the why of the telegram which Rabinowitz received, just as he was about to sell the house for one hundred thousand dollars.

Begin a day with a good action, runs an old creed, and it will be a good day. With Bobby, however, the rule did not appear to be working on this day.

Without thinking of lunch, they trampled through the mountain forests, through ravines, over boulders, across streams, down steeps and up them, hunting, searching for something that might lead them to Louise and her captor, hour upon hour without a vestige of success. Not a single clew did they find. Once or twice they came upon men, whom they questioned. The mountaineers heard them stolidly. They had not seen any girl. And Bobby did not think it wise to say anything about the old woman on the horse. They might be taken for lunatics.

Late afternoon found them, tired and famished, within sight again of the house on the top of Shadrach Mountain. They were in low spirits, with hope almost gone. Bobby was fretting like

like a condemned man, torn with the darkest doubts as to the safety of the girl he loved, fearing the worst things his imagination could picture.

"We will go into Frederick, and tell our story to the police," he told Skip.

"They will think we are—there he is!" answered Skip abruptly. Excitedly he pointed down the trail, at a figure slowly climbing the mountain. It was the man in the green cap—the man with whom they had seen Louise in such earnest conversation the afternoon before.

THE man was making for the same plateau-like promontory where he had spoken with Louise when they had last seen them together. He was looking around cautiously, and they saw him cup his hands and shout something which came up to their ears like a distant echo.

"He's looking for her!" declared Bobby. "Let's steal down on him and take him by surprise. We'll make him talk, all right!"

"You said it!" answered Skip.

Down the slope they scrambled, keeping behind trees and rocks, proceeding as carefully as their meagre mountain craft permitted. Presently they stood in the shadow of a jutting rock, gazing at the man, who was not more than fifteen yards below them.

He was pacing back and forth like a caged, excited animal. Several times he placed two fingers between his teeth and whistled sharply. There was no reply. Then he turned and faced them, and they saw there was a leveled automatic in his hand. He had discovered them.

"Come down here!" he yelled.

"I've got you covered, too!" shouted Skip. "If you fire, I fire!"

Which was true. Skip was always a believer in preparedness, and his hand had been near his weapon ever since he came to Shadrach Mountain.

Keeping his revolver pointed at the man, Skip stepped out boldly, with Bobby beside him. The two slowly descended, until all three were face to face on the level ground.

"Where's Miss Lorne, curse you?" cried the stranger.

"That's what we're here to find out!" answered Bobby angrily. "Why don't you put that thing down and act like a sensible human being?"

"Because I believe you know where Miss Lorne is!" answered the stranger in a surly tone. "And I'd kill anyone who has harmed her!"

Bobby did not particularly appreciate this chivalric sentiment. He wondered what authority this man had to care for Louise so deeply.

"So would I," was his rejoinder. "I am Robert Culberson, of New York. This is my property. You're a trespasser. We are looking for Miss Lorne, who has disappeared. Your actions are very suspicious."

THE man paused, apparently considering what he should do. Finally he thrust his weapon back into his pocket.

"I am a friend of Miss Lorne," he said simply. "I know that something has happened—else she would be here to meet me. What do you know about it?"

Bobby quickly related all that they had seen, ending with a request for the man's name and business.

"My name's Galland," he complied. "My business is my own. That is, at present, a secret with Miss Lorne. What you tell me about the old woman and the horse does not surprise me. I have seen her. She has been riding across the mountain for many nights. I am afraid Miss Lorne is in grave danger."

"How can we look for her?" asked Bobby imploringly, and he told how they had searched the mountain all day.

Rapidly they considered various plans—bloodhounds, police, search parties.

But it remained for Skip to suggest the plan that was adopted.

"See here," he proposed. "Mr. Galland has said that this old woman rides around here every night. We can't follow her on foot, and an automobile is out of the question. Why can't we wait for her and follow her on horseback?"

"Now that she has Louise, I doubt if she will return," doubted Galland. "She will know someone will be waiting for her."

"But why not take a chance?" insisted Skip, appealing to Bobby.

"I struggled with him," said *Louise*, "and managed to knock him senseless with a jug."

"We can try it," decided Bobby, "and if that plan fails we must appeal to the police—though what they can do, I can't imagine. If we can just get the horse——"

"Say no more," interrupted Galland tensely. "I can have three horses and firearms for us all here by sundown. Is it a go?"

His face was flushed with enthusiasm and his eyes were shining. Bobby jealously wondered why he was so interested. What were his relations with Louise, anyway?

But there was no time for delaying action. They agreed on a meeting place, and Galland, after shaking hands with both of them, hurried down the trail. Not until he had vanished altogether did the two friends speak.

"Our only chance," said Bobby. "But who the devil is that fellow, Skip?"

"It might all be a trap," answered Skip. "That man Galland will bear watching. After all—he himself might be the hag!"

NIGHT drops swiftly around the peak of Shadrach, like an old enchanter casting a dark mantle over an object that is to disappear. With it now came a moaning, fretful wind, and clouds whirling across the face of the moon. It found Bobby and Skip sober and anxious.

Across the debris of dinner on the kitchen table, the two friends faced each other, disconsolate and anxious. They knew what difficulties confronted them.

First, there was the insistent doubt both held of Galland. What were his motives, his intentions, his relations to Louise? He might not even keep his tryst. But even supposing that his purposes were good and true, and he did appear, their plans might come to naught, for the hag might not ride this night. If her sole object had been to capture Louise, it was achieved! Why run further risk? And finally, granting that she did appear, and that Galland was there with his weapons and horses, they might fail after all. Both Bobby and Skip could ride, but they were not expert horsemen—and following that galloping horse and its phantom rider was bound to be a hazardous business in the dark.

Bobby looked at his watch.

"Let's go!" he said. "It's almost time!" To their unconcealed delight, they found Galland waiting for them, when they reached the fringe of forest that had been agreed upon as a meeting place. He was there with three horses, three loaded rifles, three revolvers—a thrice-triple indication of good faith.

"They are good horses, accustomed to the mountains, and they will not balk at a strange mount," he assured them. "It is pretty early, but I figured we had better not take any chances whatever. Usually it's midnight before she shows up. Now—how shall we dispose ourselves?"

After some further discussion, it was agreed that they should take positions at three points of an imaginary triangle, with the house as its apex. In the dark spot of shadow under the eastern gable of the house, Galland sat on his horse, in readiness for what might come. Behind the large boulder at the western side of the house was Skip, astride his horse. And over at the edge of the woods, in the black shadows of the trees, waited Bobby.

Their plan was simple. From whatever direction the old woman might approach, they were ready for her, and by signals which had been agreed upon, they were prepared to close in upon her and make her prisoner. That, at least, was the theory.

It had become bitterly cold in a very few hours. Sharp and keen the wind swept around the bald head of Shadrach, slamming the shutters and rattling the windows of the house; crackling and rending the imploring arms of the trees. Night covered the landscape like a blanket of blackness, and the moon was in retreat behind a bank of clouds.

Dreary vigil those hours proved to be. Like palsied, frozen things, the seconds seemed to creep, halted and maimed by the chill blasts that swept and shrilled over the bleak expanse. Hard and bitter it was for the three sentinels, but each, at his post, swore that he would not give in to mere bodily discomfort. In the gloom of the groaning, splitting woodland, where he lurked, Bobby swore that if the hag showed herself, she would find him ready.

During those hours of cold and fatigue, he tried to think over all that occurred, step by step, and to find some sensible explanation that would fit all the facts. But none came. The last time he looked at the luminous dial of his watch the hands were at half past eleven. They could hardly be kept waiting much longer, he reflected. And then, almost before the watch was back in his pocket, the sound came clear above the raving and roaring of the wind.

Galloping, thundering hoofs!

GALLOPING across the frozen sod, thundering and thudding and resounding, with the trampling onrush of an animal, whipped and spurred to mad, maniacal speed. Galloping, galloping, nearer and nearer and nearer, louder and louder and louder, rushing upon them furiously, insanely, thunderingly—but from where? Where? Where?

Bobby had tightened his grip on the reins, and bent forward cautiously, eager for the first glimpse, longing to urge forward his horse in darting pursuit. The poise was at him, near him, all around him, louder, more deafening—yet nothing visible!

And then, suddenly, there flashed into view the last thing in the world Bobby had expected to see.

A black horse, plunging and rearing, came racing across the open land, its mane flying in the wind, and crouched upon it, whipping it to a faster gait, was Louise Lorne.

Bareheaded, her golden hair streaming behind her, wild-eyed and frightened, she clung there, like a strange wild thing.

"Louise!" called Bobby, giving his horse a vicious yank that sent it rushing toward her.

A horrid yell from behind him caused him to look back over his shoulder—and to see what his leaping heart had already foreboded at the first echo of that scream. The hag was upon them, in full, vengeful pursuit.

Like an embodied fury, she appeared at the brow of the hill—a wild, grotesque figure—a crazy hag upon a flying steed—bearing down upon them. Squatted and hunched, the old woman straddled her horse, her gray hair flying like a banner, her black coat trembling and fluttering.

Across the treacherous landscape she flew. One skinny arm was stretched out, as if in defiance; something glittered in her claw, and there was a sharp report.

At the same instant, a white horse screamed shrilly, and riderless, rushed off into the darkness. On the ground in front of the house of mystery a dark figure shuddered a little and then lay still. Galland, also rushing to the rescue; Galland, who by his position was able to head off the onrushing fiend; Galland, the mysterious, devoted friend of Louise, had been downed by a bullet.

WHAT followed came with the blinding suddenness of a bit of lightning. Another yell came from the old woman, and her right hand moved like the dart of an adder. For the first time she realized that she was trapped. Shot after shot cracked and roared and echoed like the barking of hungry wolves across the mountainside. By Bobby's head whizzed the bullets, but he pressed on, with Skip hurrying to his assistance.

Fleeter than all was the old woman's steed. Moment by moment, she gained on Louise; nearer and nearer she came, the distance shortening between them. Then, with an unearthly shriek, the hag did a ghastly, mad, devilish thing. A bare two feet lay between her horse and Louise. Whooping wildly, she gave a leap, darted from her horse, whirled through the air, and landed with the sureness of a flying bat, safe on the other racing horse. Her arms closed round Louise, and she turned mockingly at her pursuers, as her own horse galloped off.

Urged on by a dull, despairing horror, Bobby and Skip worried their horses in desperate efforts to overtake her. But they knew there was no hope—that presently the old woman would disappear, as she had done before, and that no trace would be left.

It was a moment for quick, decisive action.

Until now, Bobby had not dared to fire. Always Louise had been within the range of his fire. In the army, he had been a good marksman. But this was different. And now he saw Louise slipping from him, clasped in the arms of this monster. In another moment she might be lost to him forever. It was now or never.

He took the dare fate had thrown him.

Bringing his rifle to his shoulder, he leveled it straight at the fleeing horse before them. With the horse rising and plunging beneath him, it was not easy to aim. But Bobby fired.

A high, shrill wail from the horse told him his shot had hit home. Then, as the clouds scurried from off the moon, he saw the animal stumbling and reeling, pitching drunkenly forward beneath his double burden. And he saw the haggard fury of the old woman as she looked back at him, cursing him. Cool as death itself, Bobby fired again. The horse stopped, swayed heavily and fell.

The hag and her captive were unhorsed.

Mouthing, spitting, fuming, howling, the old woman scrambled to her feet and grabbed Louise. The girl, now unconscious, she laid across the side of the horse, and behind this strange barricade the strange creature crouched, her revolver pointed straight at Bobby.

"The cowardly devil!" roared Bobby. "If I fire I might kill Louise!"

Sharply he reined in, and turned to Skip. But in that sudden instant, Skip had disappeared.

The old woman had not fired. She was waiting for Bobby to approach nearer, that her shots might be more certain. It gave Bobby a moment to think. If Skip were only there, he could arrange a plan instantly by which one could creep up behind the old woman, while the other kept her busy. But Skip, unaccountably, had vanished. Bobby hoped he had not been hit.

No one could realize better than he, however, that he could not wait for Skip's return. Before him crouched a crafty, fiendishly cruel creature, and to save Louise he must act at once. Casting discretion to the four winds, Bobby decided to rush down upon her, at whatever the risk, until he was near enough to fire without danger to Louise.

"Get up!" he called quickly to the horse. At the same moment a strange thing happened.

OUT of the blackness behind the old woman a shadow reared itself—the shadow of a young man, swinging a rifle above his head. In another instant the club would have hit the head of the unsuspecting old woman.

But the moon came out, and the shadow of the young man was thrown across the ground. The old woman saw it in time.

With such fury as the devils possess, she leaped upon Skip—fighting with superhuman powers. She screeched, scratched, fought, clawed, tore, howled and kicked. Crushing force against which the valiant Skip struggled dazedly. She moved with the ferocity, the strength, the deadliness of a tigress. Stark murder sat on her squared jaws and glittering eyes.

Before Skip knew what was happening, the rifle was wrenched from his grasp and hurled away. Her skinny hands curled round his throat before he knew it. From his throat came a gasp. Everything grew black.

Then Bobby reached him—Bobby with his rifle clubbed, and brought it down with a perfectly placed smash right on the old hag's head.

With a startled gasp the fighting demon collapsed, and fell limp and senseless at their feet. And as she fell, the long gray hair that streamed from her withered head fell also, but not with her

(*Continued on page* 28)

"Oh—oh, *Bobby!*" she cooed, and rushing upon him gaily, she threw her arms around him and smacked her lips roundly against his.

Are the Movie Stars deserting Hollywood?

Exodus of *screen folk* from *west coast city* leads to belief that *Los Angeles* purlieu is no longer favored by great majority of players :: :: :: :: ***By Paul Rochester***

ARE the stars deserting Hollywood?

Are motion pictures entering a new era, in which the company will go to the location instead of the location going to Hollywood to be manufactured in a studio?

Los Angeles, proud of its movie industry, has reason to look to its laurels before the newest idea in pictures—making the movie where it was written.

At present a controversy is raging as to who first got the idea. Of course, D. W. Griffith might be expected to be in the center of such a controversy, for "Hearts of the World" was made in Europe and is one of the few war films which were made in the war zone.

Then last winter, Lillian Gish headed a company for Inspiration Pictures, Inc., and together with Henry King and a few American artists set sail—or would you say, set steam?—for Italy, where in Sorrento, Rome and other old world places the beautiful scenes of "The White Sister" were filmed.

Shortly afterward, Betty Blythe, our own Queen of Sheba, was engaged to play the lead in "Chu Chin Chow." Now, "Chu Chin Chow," as you may readily imagine if you do not know, is a story of the Orient. From the days of Otis Skinner's "Kismet" down to the present, the Orient has been manfully mishandled in the studios of the country. Usually the Orient looks like a chop suey parlor set down in the middle of the street.

But Betty has made "Chu Chin Chow" in no other place than Cairo and there in the midst of Oriental splendor and Oriental squalor, Betty wore her gorgeous gowns and posed for the camera.

Now we hear that Betty is in Germany, where she is playing the lead in a new German picture. A far cry from Hollywood, this!

Last year, in a small way, Constance Binney and Carlyle Blackwell started the American migration toward Europe. They were followed soon afterward by Mae Marsh, who made several English pictures and who then returned to appear in "The White Rose."

England, however, bears memories of the ill-fated venture of Famous Players to that country. Three years ago, Famous sent several directors and players to England. The English studios were not fitted for American production at that time, with the result that few of the pictures made there were popular. Miss Binney's film was probably the most successful made-in-England picture, although Commodore Blackton, founder of the old Vitagraph company, succeeded in putting over several films with all-English casts.

THEN Betty Compson, reaching the end of her contract with Famous Players, went to England to work for the biggest English producer, Ideal. Miss Compson is now on her fourth picture in the tight little isle and seems to be making as great a success in England as in this country.

Meantime, Inspiration is going ahead with its European plans. Lillian and Dorothy Gish are to sail for Italy next month to begin work on George Eliot's famous novel, "Romola." They will make the scenes laid in the city of Florence in the city of Florence, and the interiors will be made in Inspiration's studio in Rome.

Dorothy Gish, with her sister, *Lillian*, is soon to go to *Rome* to play in *George Eliot's* famous novel, *"Romola."*

Richard Barthelmess is also catching the exodus fever, and later in the year will make his first picture abroad.

Betty Compson is said to be making as great a success in *England* as in this country.

PARAMOUNT

LATER in the year, Dick Barthelmess will also go overseas to make his first picture in Europe.

If the trend continues, few stars will be left on this side of the water. Mary and Doug have often threatened to go to Europe to make a picture, but have thus far stuck close to America.

Perhaps one reason why American stars are quitting Hollywood is that the producers are beginning to realize that one of the chief distinctions between the stage and the screen lies in the fact that the stage has to depend wholly upon settings and scenery for its effects, while the scope of the screen is as wide as the earth itself. The success of "Nanook of the North" and of the Martin Johnson animal pictures proved that the screen could go to the ends of the world.

So it appears that the movies are entering a new era, an era in which the cost of production will be checked against traveling expenses instead of against carpenters and scenic artists. And "The White Sister," made entirely in Italy, proved that far more beautiful natural effects can be obtained under God's green footstool than under the Klieg lights.

And in the meantime, would you believe that the two most famous German artists of the screen, Emil Jannings and Werner Kraus, both started for America on October 1st, to begin work later this fall in Hollywood?

"The White Sister"

Lillian Gish excellent in new picture—"_Ruggles of Red Gap_," "_Why Worry_" and "_Red Lights_," among other pictures of the week reviewed by - _Lewis_ F. _Levenson_

"THE WHITE SISTER"
A Good Picture

Presented by Inspiration Pictures, Inc., at the Forty-Fourth Street Theatre, New York, with a cast composed of Lillian Gish, Ronald Colman, Gail Kane, J. Barney Sherry, Charles Lane, Juliette La Violette and a large number of European players. Directed in Italy by Henry King.

"The White Sister" is a film which justifies motion pictures. The average motion picture is limited by the limitations of the screen. The payers cannot talk. They can only pantomime. "The White Sister" is better than most plays based on its peculiar theme because of the manner in which its production has been handled by those responsible for it.

"The White Sister" was made in Italy. Its types, with the exception of a few American players, headed by the charming Lillian Gish, were chosen because they were Italians and fitted the roles assigned to them. Its settings are authentic, photographed on the spot and not derived from the limited imagination of scenic artists.

The result is highly artistic. Of course, it is perfectly possible for a cameraman to go to Italy and take a travelogue of that country which will be even more beautiful than "The White Sister." But the photoplay has the advantage of a serious story, handled intelligently, and also of natural, fine acting.

The best of the cast is naturally Miss Gish. How she has grown in stature since her last appearance in "Orphans of the Storm" is shown in this picture. It is the easiest thing in the world to overact, but the most difficult of all arts to pantomime subtly, to indicate character, thought, motivation by delicate shadings. Miss Gish has acquired this art and has blended it with her own wistfully appealing personality to make her character, that of Angela, daughter of a prince, and later Sister Angela, the nun, one of the beautifully memorable roles of screen history.

"The White Sister" also reveals, in the person of Ronald Colman, an excellent leading man, one who varies from the usual type of leading man, but who does know how to act. Mr. Colman is natural and forceful.

The Italian members of the cast enter into the spirit of the picture and lend to it a quiet dignity which is not often seen on the screen.

Many of the scenes in "The White Sister" are exquisite. The trysting place of Angela and her love is a dream of ilex trees and a mirrored pond. The sequence in which Angela is married to the church is not only true, but moves with that solemnity that we only expect from religious ritual. The eruption of Mount Vesuvius and the subsequent breaking of a reservoir, with which the picture concludes, is a thrilling bit of work.

Mr. King has directed "The White Sister" with a complete sense of its quiet depth.

By all means, see "The White Sister." It is excellent screen entertainment.

Lillian Gish and *Ronald Colman* in a tense love scene from "*The White Sister*."

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"WHY WORRY?"
Harold Lloyd's Newest Picture

Presented by Hal Roach at the Strand Theatre, New York, with a cast composed of Harold Lloyd, Jobyna Ralston, John Aasen, Leo White, James Mason and Wallace Howe. Directed by Fred Newmeyer and Sam Taylor.

Marriage has apparently taken some of the humor out of Harold Lloyd. We may be wrong as to the reason for the bare spots in "Why Worry?" but we are certain that it does not compare for laughs with any of Harold's last two or three pictures.

Harold plays a hypochondriac, which means in these United States, a guy who is afraid he is going to die at any moment and so stuffs himself with pills. Old Moliere, the French classic farceur, wrote about a similar type three centuries ago. The difference between Moliere and Lloyd is that Moliere satirized the man-afraid-of-his-shadow, while Lloyd dropped the idea before he had worked it up properly.

The Hypo—beg your pardon—goes to a tropical, revolution-infested land for a rest. He finds love instead.

Most of the gags in this picture center about a giant, a seven-footer listed as John Aasen. They are pretty much what might be expected of such a character. Occasionally some of the old Lloyd freshness is revealed, especially in the scenes in which he tries to pull the giant's tooth, and in the battle in which the giant, Harold, and his sweet-

Edward Horton, Charles Ogle and *Ernest Torrence* spend a wild night together in "*Ruggles of Red Gap*."

A Drama of Woman's Temptation

heart successfully hold off an army of a thousand men, by means of a pipe, a cigar, a drum and two dozen cocoanuts.

We doubt if Lloyd fans will find "Why Worry?" as amusing as "Safety Last" and "Dr. Jack."

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"RUGGLES OF RED GAP"

A Rollicking Comedy

Presented by Paramount at the Rivoli Theatre, New York, with a cast composed of Edward Horton, Ernest Torrence, Lois Wilson, Fritzi Ridgway, Charles Ogle, Louise Dresser, and others. Directed By James Cruze. Story by Harry Leon Wilson.

Jobyna Ralston and *Harold Lloyd* make whimsical love to each other in *"Why Worry?"*

"Ruggles of Red Gap" might have been a fearful bore. But it was cast by James Cruze, so that the best available actors for each part were engaged. The result is a comedy which, in many respects, is as amusing as anything we have seen on the screen in recent weeks.

The burden of the comedy falls on the shoulders of Edward Horton and Ernest Torrence. Mr. Horton is Ruggles, the English servingman, to the eyebrow. Mr. Torrence gives another fine portrayal, that of the uncouth, wholesome westerner. We also liked Frank Elliott, in his difficult role of the terribly stupid Hon. George.

"Ruggles of Red Gap" is pretty talky for a movie. As a rule talky movies move slowly, but when you have the glowering eyes of Ernest Torrence and the fluttering smile of Eddie Horton to fill in the gaps, you need little more for your entertainment.

The story tells of a socially pushing western lady who takes her husband to Paris to acquire manners. There the husband acquires a valet whom he ruins with rum and ribald jokes. Plenty of fun in "Ruggles of Red Gap."

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"RED LIGHTS"

B-r-r . . . and a Couple of Chills

Presented at the Capitol Theatre, New York, by Goldwyn Pictures Corporation, with a cast composed of Alice Lake, Marie Prevost, Johnny Walker, Dagmar Godowsky, William Worthington, Frank Elliot and Lionel Belmore. Directed by Clarence Badger.

You'll gasp when you see "Red Lights," if you have any gasps left in your system.

It isn't often that a good mystery thriller comes to the screen. We aren't sure that mystery thrillers belong on the screen, but there are times, and this is one, when a bit of mystery helps break the monotony of pictures about marriage, dope and other dull-as-death topics.

"Red Lights" deals with the effort of detectives to locate a rich man's daughter and the opposing efforts of reward grabbers to abduct her and claim the money. Most of the action takes place on board a moving train and gives plenty of space for trick entrances and exits. Moreover, Clarence Badger, the director, has embellished it with all sorts of trick close-ups of eyeballs, lock-stitches and toothaches, with the result that you never know what is coming next.

We liked all the cast. They seemed to be having a good time making "Red Lights."

We believe you will have a good time looking at it, unless you are misled by the title into expecting an altogether different sort of picture. Because "Red Lights" doesn't mean what you might think it does!

Alice Lake and *Raymond Griffith* make ardent love to each other in *"Red Lights."*

"THE ETERNAL STRUGGLE"

Another Mounted Police Story

Produced by Metro Pictures Corporation, with a cast composed of Renee Adoree, Earle Williams, Barbara La Marr, Pat O'Malley, Wallace Beery, Josef Swickard, and others. Directed by Reginald Barker from G. B. Lancaster's novel, "The Law Bringers."

Here is another one of those pictures where the Northwest Mountie "gets his man"—in this case the story wastes no time in getting that little business over with. The man is "gotten" in the first reel and the rest of the picture is then devoted to "getting the girl," both romantically and otherwise. For the girl, it seems, had killed a man and our hero then has the struggle between his love for her and his duty as a police officer.

Renee Adoree plays the heroine in dashing, colorful style, and is altogether delightful in the part. Wallace Beery, as the villain, is as villainous as ever. Other good performances are contributed by Earle Williams, Barbara La Marr and Pat O'Malley.

In spite of the lack of originality in the plot, clever direction on the part of Mr. Barker has made this picture into an entertaining feature with the suspense well sustained. The exteriors are beautiful and there is a thrilling river episode when a canoe carries the two sweethearts down a rapids. All in all, it is an enjoyable enough picture for those who like Northwest Mounted police stories. After all, each one of them is very much like all the others.

But it is certainly to the credit of Reginald Barker, as well as to the members of this perfectly excellent cast, that they have taken what might have been a thoroughly commonplace story and made it into a film which nine out of ten fans will enjoy.

HARRISON FORD
who is appearing in
"Little Old New York"

BARBARA LA MARR
who is appearing in
"The Eternal City"

Claire Windsor admired more by women

SAYS De Sola

Character expert examines features of *lovely screen star* and finds her *lacking* in *intense emotional qualities*

By Vincent de Sola

"Miss Windsor," says de Sola, "not only respects the conventions, but likes them."

Claire Windsor

CHARACTER READING: *This face reveals at once the so-called social qualities, the gregarious instinct being clearly shown. The head is pleasure-loving, but the nature is free from self-indulgence. The disposition is highly cheerful and kindly in attitude. The individuality is purely objective, and has little introspection, or developed philosophy.*

IT IS odd to find anyone with the features of Miss Claire Windsor in the world of the theatre. Had I been shown her photographs without knowing who she was, I would never have taken her for an actress. I do not mean to imply anything regarding her ability, good or bad. I for one have never seen her; and for the second part I am a critic of character and not of acting.

But I am surprised to find her an actress because her features seem to speak of purely social qualities. Her mouth and eyes are pleasure-loving, and she has poise in place of self-assurance. Also, the face shows, in the contours of the brow, a strongly grounded liking for the conventions of life. It is the face of someone who would be fond of dances, parties, sports, a "set," in a word, a round of minor social activities rather than the fierce toil and emotional competition of the players' profession.

On the emotional side, indeed, this face seems one so filled with cheerfulness and so laughter-loving as to have little use for any emotions save the very lightest and tenderest. The nature is a kindly one, believing good of anyone if only given a chance, if the lips and eyes are to be credited physiognomically. Such a person, I deduce, would be so self-trained as to look for the good, and to be almost unable to see the bad.

All the contours are highly feminine, and the nature is more sentimental than romantic and more practical than either. It is a typical feminine character of the instinctive type, that type that seems to be born with a complete and satisfying code which is an inheritance rather than the hard-won masculine philosophy that springs from personal and individual reactions to life.

I note one emotion that has considerable force, and which is the single exception to the foregoing. This is the presence of a marked fund of jealousy.

The character is exceedingly scrupulous. The mind is one very easily entertained or amused. The disposition, which can only be called "sunny," finds pleasure in even the simplest things. The humor is pervasive, and while not deep, is general in its contacts. There is nothing satiric or malicious in its composition.

I DO not read a large degree of courage in the face, but rather a feminine desire to be protected. Possibly it is this trait which is responsible for the conventionality which I deduce from these features. Miss Windsor, I would say, not only respects conventions but likes them, finding in them a kind of comfort and aid, that holds her from those ordeals of life for which they were originally designed, but which most modern women no longer seem to fear.

There is considerable precision in the nature, and a sense of neatness and carefulness inherent in the character. But it is not a prudish mind or a fussily fastidious one. She is broad and sane in her outlook.

The intellect is neither concentrative nor introspective. Nor are the analytical faculties developed. But in spite of this, it is safe to say that Miss Windsor prefers always a mental rather than a physical plane, and her friendships and social contacts would be based upon a reasoning mutuality rather than on one of emotional attraction.

SHE can be exceedingly fluent, but she is neither egotistic nor self-centered, and she must be a good listener, if the signs are not at fault. She is particular as regards taste, and would sum up both men and women very largely by the quality of their manners and their choice of clothing.

Although she is one who would make many friends and win affection easily, she is not a fickle type, but, rather, a highly faithful one. She would be quick to forget, her brow tells me, but just as quick to revive an association which had lapsed through separation or for any other reason.

In spite of the evenness of her disposition, I note some signs of irritation, which are counterbalanced by an ability to master this. She is not particularly curious, and for a woman not over-intuitive.

Again I see signs of her love of simple pleasures. She would easily be contented and not easily grow bored, as she seems to possess an equipment of bubbling appreciation. In affection she would be neither ardent nor cold, but would strike a happy compromise.

Although she would be fond of the action required by a round of social pleasures, there are some indications that she has a tendency towards indolence. This must spring naturally from her fondness for all the graces and comforts of life, which she can appreciate so well and of which she can never tire.

She is a type, I would say, whom women, in the main, would admire more than men. Her scrupulousness, her social spirit, her adherence to the conventions of women, and the fairness of her nature, would all appeal to a feminine audience, as a rule so harsh in judgment upon its own sex.

It may be that something of this has created her popularity, and her natural sunniness of disposition has aided to make her an appealing figure of the films.

NOTE: *What is the secret of each screen player's magnetism? With what traits of character does he or she command attention, hold the public, win affection?*

Mr. de Sola will answer questions such as these by a scientific physiognomical anlysis of the features of each player as he or she actually is, as we would find them to be through long acquaintance, close study and intimate contact.—EDITOR.

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English Fans Rush to Greet VALENTINO

Rudy's first days in _British_ metropolis are filled with _receiving admirers_ — A spectator's account of what happened

By _Maurice Rosett_

Rudolph Valentino, the most woman-adored screen star in the world today.

Rudolph Valentino, the screen star, is seen here signing autographs for _English_ girl movie fans during his recent sojourn in _London_.

IS AN American actor like Rudolph Valentino as popular across the Atlantic as he is in the States? One can say without hesitation, "Yes."

So "Rudy" was in London lately for three weeks. I saw him every day and I thought it might interest you to know what he did over here.

But let me start from the beginning.

One day, Valentino's manager, who preceded him in Europe, told me:

"He is coming tonight, at midnight, please be at the station at that time, as I am going to Southampton to meet him on the _Aquitania_."

The train was due at 11:30 p. m. It was a special train carrying the passengers of the large steamers, who cross the Atlantic.

I have been many times to the station to meet such trains when American friends of mine were coming to London, but I had never seen such a crowd before. Many girls were waiting for the train. All were impatient, looking at the big clock, then inquiring whether there was any delay with the train. What were all these girls doing? I soon knew when I heard some of them talking to their friends.

"I hope I shall have the time to see him," said one of them. "My last 'bus passes Westminster at midnight."

"I shan't move from here until I see him," replied another.

"The papers said," declared a third one, "that he will dance in London during his stay here. Well, think," she exclaimed, "you would not be able to find a seat unless you paid a lot of money, and besides you would not see him then so near as now, where it only costs you a penny for the platform ticket!"

I might as well say, before going further, that "The Four Horsemen" was shown in London at the Palace Theatre for a long time—longer, perhaps, than any other film, so one can easily imagine the popularity of Valentino over here.

But let us return to the station.

Slowly the train stopped. The girls spread themselves along the platform in order not to miss him.

But is it easy to recognize a "star" when he is dressed like everybody else—although with a certain elegance?

Valentino's manager introduced me to the famous "star" and, as soon as the latter took off his soft felt hat in greeting, a girl saw him and cried:

"Oh, here is 'The Four Horsemen'"—and, at once, all the others surrounded him, each tendering him albums, pocketbooks, and even pieces of paper to obtain an autograph. And "Rudy" signed and signed, without interruption. Then the girls approached Mrs. Valentino (Natacha Rambova), with whom I was talking, and asked her to sign, too.

We left the station nearly half an hour later and whilst we were in the car, although it was raining, these girls, forgetting that they had lost their 'bus, were still there. The car left amid the cheers of the crowd, who were crying "Good-bye, Mr. Valentino!" and we reached the Carlton Hotel, where the two stars were to live in London.

The manager of the hotel, who accompanied us to the apartment of the Valentinos, told me whilst our travelers were looking after their luggage:

"Do you know who has lived in these rooms? Marshal Foch, Mr. and Mrs. Paderewski, the French Prime Minister Briand, the Italian Ambassador Count Sforza, Count Ishii and a well-known Indian Maharajah."

THE following days saw many visitors at the Hotel Carlton: Journalists, film critics, reporters, photographers. I assisted at many of these interviews. Among others, one of our colleagues left a number of questions to which Mr. and Mrs. Valentino had to reply. Here are some of these questions and the replies which I heard dictated by the Valentinos.

"What is your motto?"

Mr. and Mrs. Valentino: "Live and let live."

"What is your favorite dish?"

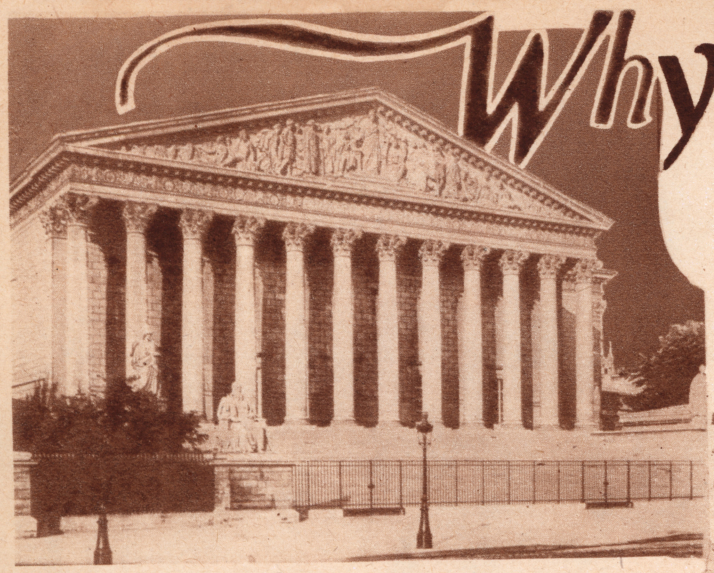
Mr. Valentino: "Spaghetti."

(_Continued on page_ 30)

Why Paris Banned

Movie Weekly's European correspondent tells why *French* capitol turned its back upon famous *Griffith* film

By W. Adolphe Roberts



The *French Chamber of Deputies* in *Paris*, which has colored members.

Battling Siki, the *Senegalese* negro prize fighter, who is a great favorite in *France*.

FRANCE, like the United States, enjoys the doubtful blessing of the censorship of motion pictures. But the system here is much less irksome to producers and exhibitors than it is at home. In the first place, there is only one board for the whole country—only one set of rules, instead of the confusion and absurd contradictions arising out of our many State laws on the subject. In the second place, French censorship is of a mild variety; its reason for existence is political, and it seldom concerns itself with such a moot question as morals.

In three years, the Board barred only three pictures. The latest victim is Griffith's "The Birth of a Nation," which in August was ordered off the screen at a Paris theatre, after it had been running to capacity audiences for two days. The fame of the American film classic had preceded it. It had been fully discussed in the newspapers and fan magazines. The public was extremely anxious to see it. Few persons could understand why, after it had received a tentative permit, it should suddenly and arbitrarily be suppressed.

I am in a position to inform the readers of Movie Weekly that "The Birth of a Nation" was considered undesirable here because it exploited the severe treatment meted out to the negroes of the South after the Civil War by the original Ku Klux Klan. There is no race prejudice in France. Blacks from Senegal, Martinique and other French colonies are regarded as the social and political equals of white men and women. Intermarriage is not uncommon. There are colored members in the Chamber of Deputies, which corresponds to our House of Representatives. The case of Battling Siki, the Senegalese prizefighter, who is now visiting the United States, illustrates the favorable situation of the French negro. Siki, in Paris, is not merely a black boxer compelled to mingle with the members of his own race. He is the friend and protege of many white sportsmen. And he has a white wife.

It is probable, however, that "The Birth of a Nation" could have been shown in Paris, had it not been for certain recent incidents in which American tourists were involved.

The slave market scene in *"The Birth of a Nation"* that offended *French* taste.

THE hotels, the cabarets and restaurants of the white light district have not been in the habit of drawing the color line. In fact, this is strictly forbidden by law. But, at least during the summer, all resorts of pleasure depend for a large part of their revenue on American patronage. Visitors from "The Land of the Free" do not like to sit cheek by jowl with negroes. In the past, they have contented themselves with getting up and leaving when their prejudices were offended. But this year the tourists, for some unknown reason, became aggressive.

In a certain Montmartre cabaret, a few weeks ago, a party of Americans demanded that a negro who had just entered be shown the door. The proprietor took a chance and threw him out. Unfortunately—for the proprietor—he happened to be a prince from the French protectorate of Dahomey on the West Coast of Africa. He complained to the authorities, and the cabaret lost its license.

A similar incident in another resort led to a law suit, which the negro is likely to win.

Then the government took a hand. Through

"The BIRTH OF A NATION"

the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, it issued the stiffest sort of warning to travelers. A French negro, it declared, was a French citizen and entitled to the same protection extended to white persons. The traveler was reminded that he was merely a guest of this republic and should have the good manners to observe its customs. It was hinted that the next traveler who attempted to draw the color line in a public place would have the visé on his passport cancelled and would be expelled from the country.

The moment was an unfavorable one, to say the least, to attempt to exhibit "The Birth of a Nation." Its suppression resulted inevitably.

WHEN asked to make an official statement, a member of the board of censors agreed to talk, but refused to let his name be mentioned. I may say that the board consists of eight members, presided over by M. Ginisty, a well-known Paris journalist.

"We seldom refuse our O.K.," stated the man interviewed. "When necessary, we indicate where cutting would be desirable, and give our advice about minor modifications. When the film is of a sort that might lead to diplomatic complications, we consult some official at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. For the rest, our censorship is very tolerant and reserves its power for use against dramas that are flagrantly immoral."

"Do you often exercise your power to the full?"

"In three years, I have only known of three films being forbidden."

"Which were they?"

"First, a highly-colored German production entitled 'The Du Barry' (this is the picture which was shown in America under the name of 'Passion'), which exploited the celebrated favorite of the King right up to, and including, the episode of the guillotine. This film showed the Court of Louis XV in a light which the censors regarded as being derogatory to our history."

"What was the next one?"

"The second film—I will not name it—was barred for diplomatic reasons, and because it was calculated to offend the sensibilities of our allies. As for the third one, it was the adaptation of Victor Margueritte's novel, 'La Garconne.' Apart from these three formal vetoes, nothing arbitrary was done. Sometimes, as I have said, we trim and cut—but always in a spirt of broad-mindedness. It must not be overlooked that the motion picture, which is essentially a popular art, may be either very pernicious or the best means of propaganda."

"Do you think that any harmful films escape action on the part of the censors?"

"Rarely. We are always guided by good sense. It is obvious that such films as 'The Three Musketeers' and 'Robin Hood,' for instance, as well as films that are merely silly, are protected by their subject matter from any censorship."

I found this last remark extremely interesting. It would probably be impossible to find an American official willing to take so tolerant a view as this French censor expressed. Imagine the Pennsylvania Board passing a picture without question because it dramatized a famous historical novel. Or any other State board, for that matter.

The censor was then asked whether it was not true that some imported motion pictures, showing the life of Paris in an unflattering respect, had been passed without any restrictions?

"No doubt," he answered. "But bear in mind how delicate our position is. If we are too strict, we risk being called film-butchers. We use our power in the most indulgent way possible. We consider it our duty to be tactful."

"The Birth of a Nation," as a matter of fact was first passed by the censors, and later suppressed, the Paris police department taking the initial action toward that end.

AND all, of course, the fault of the Americans themselves in the disturbance they caused by arousing racial issues in the Montmartre district. In view of such episodes as this, the forbidding of such a picture as "The Birth of a Nation" probably appeared the only logical course. Paris felt its first flurry of racial prejudice and checked it immediately.

It is Paris' loss, of course, in being unable to see such a film masterpiece as Mr. Griffith's first big spectacle, but at least it is pleasing to know that there can be intelligent censorship—censorship that is based on logic rather than on individual moral reactions.

It speaks well for the French Board of Censorship that before the advent of "The Birth of a Nation" they had barred only three films, all with such perfectly logical reasons. France would naturally wish not to have her history besmirched in the minds of her patriots, hence the logic in barring "Du Barry." As for Victor Margueritte's novel, "La Garconne," the material in it was considered so thoroughly objectionable that the novelist was expelled from the French Academy of Letters because of it. Certainly so intelligent a group of men would not have taken such a course without sufficient reason.

From all of which it would seem that the French censorship board is reasonable and just in its censorship, and our own Boards of Censorship would do well to profit by their example!

A scene in a southern village during war time—from *"The Birth of a Nation."*

Rue de la Paix, one of the principal thoroughfares of *Paris*.

Pola NEGRI in "The SPANISH DANCER"

The story of a *gypsy maid* who was wooed by a *king*

I.—*Maritana* (*Pola Negri*), a gypsy, predicts misfortune for *Don Caesar de Bazan* (*Antonio Moreno*), a nobleman. She also foretells a masked marriage for him.

II.—*Don Caesar*, fleeing from his creditors, again meets *Maritana*, who returns his purse a gypsy boy had stolen. She helps *Don Caesar* to escape.

III.—*Maritana* rescues the young prince from a runaway, and his mother, the queen (*Kathlyn Williams*), presents her with a scarf. She tells the gypsy to return it whenever she needs help.

IV.—*King Philip IV* (*Wallace Beery*), desires *Maritana* and, when *Don Caesar* resents his advances to her, he arranges their marriage *en masque*, and then orders *Don Caesar's* execution.

V.—To save her lover, *Maritana* sends the queen's scarf in appeal for aid, and manages to elude the king's advances to her.

VI.—*Don Caesar's* page boy has substituted bread pellets for bullets in the firing squad's rifles. So *Don Caesar* escapes to claim his bride.

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For the Sake of a Friend

The fourth compelling instalment of *"The Virginian,"* in which the latter has to choose between friendship and duty. Fictionized from the *Preferred Pictures'* screen version of *Owen Wister's* novel and *Kirke LaShelle's* play

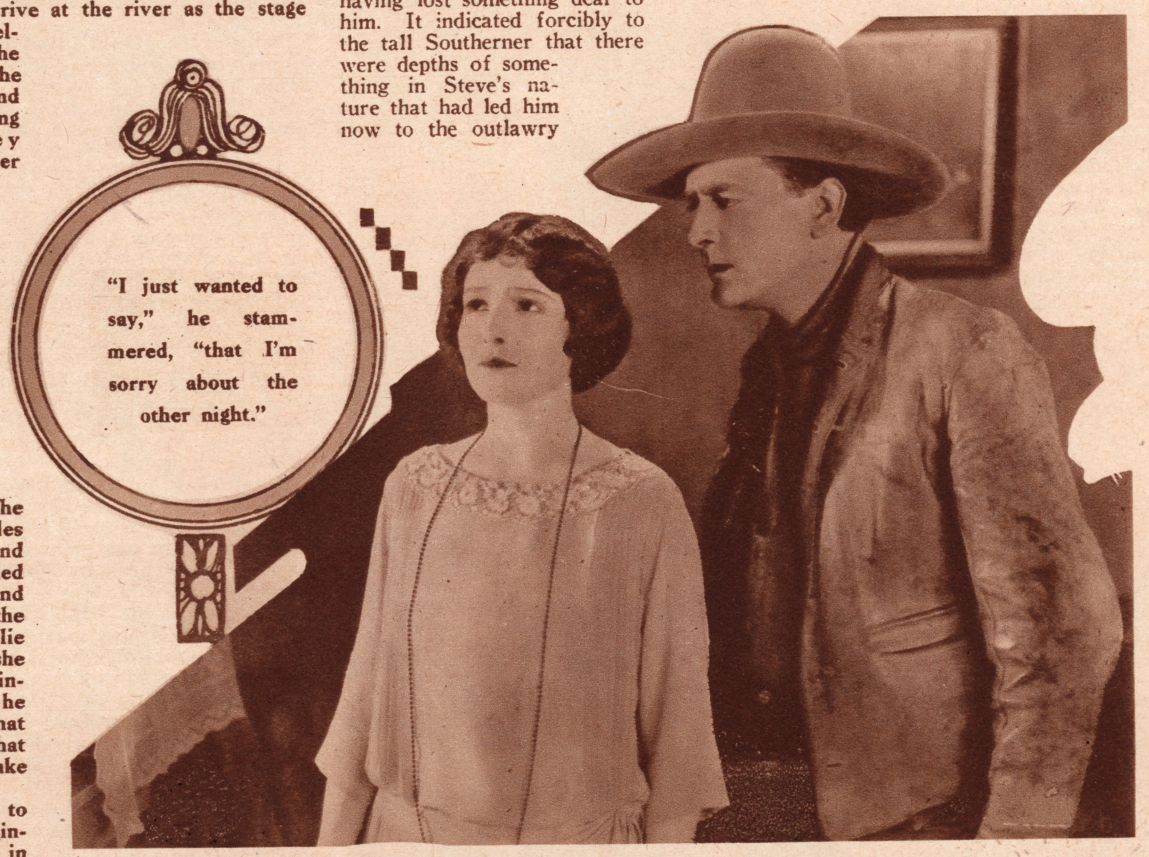
By Charles Warnerby

The action thus far:

A new school ma'am is on her way to Medicine Bow. The Virginian and his cowpuncher friend, Steve, round up their steers and go to town to meet her. They arrive at the river as the stage in which she is traveling begins to ford the stream. Old Bill, the driver, is drunk and the stage is careening dangerously. They ride into the river and take her from the stalled stage. Her name, the Virginian learns, is Mollie Woods.

Following the rescue of the new school ma'am from the river by the Virginian, a dance is given at Judge Henry's house in her honor. The neighbors for miles around attend and matters are enlivened by the Virginian and Steve mixing up the babies. When Mollie Woods learns this, she denounces the Virginian. For answer, he calmly tells her that he loves her and that he is going to make her love him.

On his ride back to the ranch, the Virginian sees a horseman in the distance who he recognizes as Trampas, a "bad egg" among the cowpunchers. Upon a closer approach to the point for which the latter was headed, the Virginian discovers a man in the acting of branding a steer. The man proves to be Steve, his friend.



SILENCE had followed the Virginian's quiet announcement of regret over the fact that the rustler had proved to be none other than Steve, his friend. The latter's hand, which clutched the pistol, had fallen to his side and a look of sullen humiliation had swept across the sun-tanned features. At last a shrug moved his shoulders.

"Well," he said finally, "you got the goods on me."

The Virginian wet his lips silently, looking from the man on the horse before him to the steer on the ground whose side still smarted beneath the fresh smear of the branding iron. The marks of Judge Henry's ranch were all but obliterated under the new brand, yet the old outline was so familiar to the Virginian that he was able to discern it. And it established the fact of Steve's guilt with a decided vengeance.

The Virginian looked again at the man before him, uncertain as to what he should next do, and conscious only of a sense of sorrow at his companion's act.

"Why'd you do this, Steve?" he asked suddenly, searching for a reason that could have induced his old friend to steal from his employer.

Steve's forehead wrinkled sullenly as he sought for some valid justification of his deed. Under the calm gaze of the Virginian, it was difficult to find an explanation that would hold water.

"Was it Trampas who proposed it?" the Virginian demanded suddenly, the thought of the figure on horseback coming back to his mind.

The frown on the young cowpuncher's face deepened as he sullenly rebelled at the question.

"What's Trampas gotta do with it?" he asked harshly. "Him and me's friends, but that don't mean he's in on this."

The Virginian heard his old companion's declaration of friendship for Trampas with a queer feeling of having lost something dear to him. It indicated forcibly to the tall Southerner that there were depths of something in Steve's nature that had led him now to the outlawry before him, just as surely as it had made him friendly with Trampas.

"He's a dog!" the Virginian said calmly in a voice that had the ring of steel, "and sooner or later, Steve, you'll come to see it. Howsomever, Trampas ain't in on this deal: it's between you and me and we've got to decide what's to be done about it."

Again the same sullen look of inarticulate rebellion clouded Steve's face, as though he faced a blank wall against which he could only, in baffled perplexity, frown. He was wondering, the Virginian knew, if the latter was going to report the occurrence at the ranch, thereby branding him before the world as a stealer of cattle. His simple, slow-moving mind was heavily grappling with the thought, out of which rose the memory of the good friend the Virginian had been to him.

The tall Southerner had never for an instant been in doubt as to what his own course should be. The extremity of turning his old friend in had in truth occurred to him, but only because it was part of a rigid sense of duty that at all times governed his life. His friendship for Steve, however, as well as the desire he felt to aid the boy now in trouble, led him to seek another way out of the difficulty. At the same time, he wished to avoid a measure that would let Steve off too lightly. Some sort of lesson, it seemed, was needed by him.

"How many of these steers have you rustled, Steve?" he asked finally, in an effort to ascertain how great to his employer the loss had been.

Steve fidgeted a bit on his horse, shamefacedly tucking the revolver back into its holster.

"I reckon this yere's the third," he mumbled in answer.

"Jest started, hey?" the Virginian inquired with dry sarcasm.

STEVE, before him, made no reply. The situation was fairly painful for him.

"Well," the tall Southerner said finally, "I reckon the only thing you can do is run that cattle back where it come from, and then find some way o' making things right with Judge Henry. *Sabe?*"

Steve nodded, still uncertain though, it was apparent, as to the outcome.

"You — you ain't goin' to tell the Judge?" Steve asked slowly, raising his eyes to the Virginian's.

"I'm not — this time," the latter replied quietly, while the other showed visible relief at his words. 'But, Steve, I want this friendship o' yours with that feller Trampas to end and if it don't——"

The Virginian hesitated, weighing his words, "if it don't, then you and me'll just part company, that's all."

It was apparent to Steve that the Virginian meant what he said and he flushed deeply with gratified relief at the words.

"That's nice o' you, old man," he muttered thickly.

"That's all right, Steve. So long!" the latter answered, as he turned his horse about and, without another word, left the young cowpuncher on the far side of the rocky abutment with the branded steer he had stolen.

Cantering along slowly back toward the ranch, it occurred to the Virginian, in reviewing the case, to wonder if, after all, Steve were worth it. If the boy proved true to the unspoken pledge he had gained from him, he would travel straight in the future. If the test was too great, then Trampas would win.

LATE in the day following, the Virginian, his mind still filled with the new school ma'am, threw his saddle on his horse and rode into Medicine Bow. School by now, he knew, was over and there was a fair likelihood of Mollie Woods being home about the cabin she occupied, where he had left her the day before. The memory of her denunciation of his act in mixing up the babies at the ranch dance still smarted somewhat, and his principal concern now in returning to Medicine Bow was to see her and, if possible, square himself in her eyes.

Up the street of Medicine Bow he rode, looking neither to the right nor left, but seeing out of the tail of his eye all that might transpire about

(*Continued on page* 30)

Where Fan Meets Fan

What Screen Star Would You Like to Marry?

If you were allowed to choose a mate from all the host of movie stars, which one would you select—and why? For the best letter on this subject we will award a weekly prize of $5.00. Address your letters to FAN CONTEST DEPARTMENT, Movie Weekly, 1926 Broadway, New York City.

This Week's $5.00 Prize Letter

Perhaps J. Howard Carrington's face and acting ability are not worth his weekly $10,000, but how much does his drawing capacity amount to? Would Johnny Brown or Billie Green draw in the dollars like J. Howard Carrington?

Often J. Howard Carrington is not an Apollo, and his histrionic ability is limited to graceful strides across the room, yet his following is one of the largest. What is that intangible something that makes Mary Jones lay down her fifty cents with a smile, caring little whether J. Howard Carrington measures up to the critic's conception of acting or classic beauty, just so long as she can see him on the silver sheet.

J. Howard Carrington has a personality that is far reaching, one that serves to draw in the dollars at the ticket office. He receives as his salary a sum apportioned to the amount he is capable of bringing the producing company.

Rarely is he over-paid. To the outsider his wages are appalling, but to his little world—nothing out of the ordinary. Where Mary Jones spends five cents, J. Howard Carrington spends five dollars, not because he is extravagant, but because it is demanded of him, because he is J. Howard Carrington.

Where then, do the high theatre prices come in? In the cost of production—the huge marvelous sets, the high cost of materials and supplies, often in the ignorance or vanity of the director, and many times in the craze for realism.

Something has to be done to cover expenses at least, and the prices are raised.

HENRIETTE D. SIGMUND.

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Her Dog Barked at Katherine MacDonald

We were spending our vacation at Carmel-by-the-Sea, California, a few years ago and heard that Katherine MacDonald was to 'shoot' some scenes at the old mission there the following day. I resolved not to miss the chance of a lifetime to see a star in person.

Accordingly the next morning we arrived at the picturesque old mission and around its crumbling ruins were the movie people.

Lovely Katherine MacDonald, clad in a simple but stylish suit, was actually there in flesh and blood and could be seen for the looking. She was not nearly as large as she appears on the screen.

Our dog, to my intense embarrassment, was barking rudely, being entirely unawed by the presence of such a great personage. But due to this unmelodious noise, Miss MacDonald turned her large blue eyes in our direction and looked right at me. (Needless to say I instantly forgave the offending animal.) It is no exaggeration to say I was delighted and thrilled beyond all words.

I would have liked to spend the whole day there, feasting my eyes upon the loveliness of "The American Beauty" and even hearing her speak—for they had to say some of the subtitles.

I finally had to leave—I was never so loath to do anything in my life— but my greatest ambition had been realized—and I shall never forget that day.

H. M.

A Smile for All From Jackie

Jackie Coogan, the world famous boy star of the movie world, was the chief attraction of a delightful program in the auditorium of the Seward Park High School in New York on February 1, 1923.

After the completion of the program, he was led into the hall of the school.

At a distance of not more than three feet

Dorothy Mackaill **can raise a kick when she wants to.**

from him, I stood, fascinated, watching his every gesture. Suddenly he turned and our eyes met. It was with a feeling of awe and delight that I saw him detach himself from his throng of admirers and approach me.

Never shall I forget those large, beautiful brown eyes that looked into mine as he extended his hand in greeting. With an incomparable sweetness and charm he said, with that fascinating, boyish smile, "School-girl, it gives me great pleasure to greet you. I wish I had more time to talk to you but I must say goodbye."

He was soon surrounded by a crowd of eager persons. And as he left the hall, tha smile never faded from his face as he waved his hand until the distance hid him from view

ETHEL EPSTEIN.

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She Was Quite Shaken By Mary and Doug

The town was full of excitement. Talk about the duke coming—compared to this it was nothing at all.

Why! Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford were to arrive on the 6:45 train from California.

As they stepped off the train, I had a good view of both Mary and Doug. A wee golden haired lady and a stalwart, nut-brown man. Cheers filled the air, and as they stepped into an automobile, the crowd was terrific. Pushing my way to the side of the car, I sprang on the running board, holding out both my hands. Mary took the right and Doug took the left; both shook at once.

I was so proud I could have yelled for joy.

PATSY CLAYTON.

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Gloria Looked Beautiful Even in Simple Clothes

On my vacation this summer I saw my favorite Gloria Swanson!

I had seen her magnificent home in Beverly Hills, California, but I certainly wanted to see her. I wanted to see if she was really the way she appears in her pictues.

After I had been to another town for almost a week, a friend of mine informed me that Gloria was at the hotel. I saw her that night at the dance. My, what a difference! No, I wasn't disappointed, but I never imagined anyone could be so different. She was dressed very simply and she doesn't need striking clothes to be beautiful. She is a very graceful, pretty dancer and she appeared to be so sweet and unassuming. She seemed very much nicer than most of the other girls at the hotel who were so conceited or affected. I think if anyone has reason to be conceited it is she, but she wasn't in the least.

A GLORIA SWANSON FAN.

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Claire Windsor Autographed Her Photo

It was in the Goldwyn booth at the great Motion Picture Exposition, fifteen or twenty girls, myself included, were waiting to have our screen tests taken for the beauty contest which Goldwyn was conducting.

I was feeling confident, having weighed my chances against the other girls, until I saw in the crowd a girl all in white, her back turned toward me. I knew at once that she was a very extraordinary person and no doubt beautiful, as well as very well gowned.

I hurried through the crowd that I might see her better and then she turned. It was Claire Windsor. I was delighted to see my favorite in real life and almost dazzled by her pink and white loveliness.

She then sat down at a long table and autographed several hundred photographs of herself for the people crowding about her.

I was lucky and managed to get one of the prized autographed pictures and an adorable smile when I thanked her.

C. C.

WHISPERS FROM THE STUDIOS

by The FILM FLAPPER

Cupid's Never Idle in Hollywood

Cupid certainly doesn't work union hours out in Hollywood! Now it is Alec Francis, whom we have seen in so many clever roles, who is to marry. He is going to wed a wealthy widow, after the fashion of so many of our film favorites these days.

The wedding will take place in the course of a few weeks, and the pair are going to take a honeymoon trip to San Francisco.

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Frank Mayo Takes Kirkwood's Role

So poor James Kirkwood had to give up his role in "Wild Oranges," after he went all the way to Florida to play it, due to his accident when he got a fractured skull being thrown from a horse!

Frank Mayo has been chosen as Kirkwood's successor, and it looks as though all the scenes may have to be done again in which Kirkwood plays, though some ingenious method of substitution may be arranged.

But there is good news for the fans in the fact that Mr. Kirkwood is on the road to recovery.

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The Frank Mayos To Be Divorced

Speaking of Frank Mayo, weren't we all surprised to hear that he and his clever, interesting wife, Dagmar Godowsky, are to be divorced! Why, these two, during their three years of married life, have made cooing doves lok like the Kilkenny cats! They have been madly in love with each other and very jealous of one another.

Nobody in the film colony seems to be able to fathom the cause of the divorce, and Mayo is still living in the Los Angeles Godowsky resi- while his wife is in New York, where she went with her father, Leopold Godowsky, noted pianist.

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A hosiery display in *"Daytime Wives,"* with *Grace Darmond* as the displayer

Leatrice Joy "Thinks Things Over"

Leatrice Joy is going to have a holiday at last! She is going to Honolulu for a fortnight, after which she will come home and play in the next Cecil de Mille picture, "Triumph."

No, Jack Gilbert, Miss Joy's husband, isn't going along. There have been frequent separations of late, and it is understood that Miss Joy wants to go away by herself "to think things over."

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Old Home Week at the Pickford's

It is by way of being Old Home Week out at the Pickford studio, these days. Allan Forrest, Mary's brother-in-law and husband of Lottie Pickford, is to play opposite Mary in "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," while sister Lottie is to have a nice part.

And it is even rumored that baby Mary, Lottie's little girl, may play the role of Mary's early childhood as Dorothy.

Marshall Neilan is directing Mary Pickford for the first time since "Daddy Long-Legs," and with Micky at the helm it is certain there will be a lot of good old-time rollicking comedy in the picture, even if Dorothy Vernon did live in a dignified age.

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Now for the Glad Re-Union

Larry Semon now trails right along with the man who first said that this world is a small place after all.

It all happened this way: Mr. Semon picked out Carmelita Geraghty as his leading woman from a number of beautiful and talented girls. He decided that she was the best bet he had seen for some time.

The first day on the set, the two were talking together. Then for the first time it was learned by Semon that Miss Geraghty is the daughter of Tom Geraghty, scenario writer. And Semon and Geraghty used to work together on the New York Herald.

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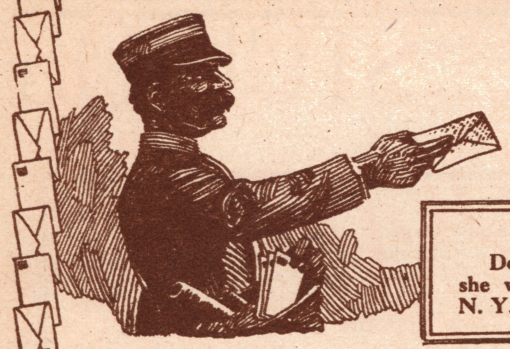
The Footlights Will Shine for Charles Ray

Charlie Ray is going back on the stage! He is to make a tour of the Pacific Coast in a stage version of "The Girl I Loved," which George Scarborough is writing. Rehearsals are beginning now, though the cast is not yet announced, as it is likely several changes will be made before the final engagement of the players is settled. If May McAvoy returns in time from the east, where she is making "West of the Water Tower," it is quite likely that she may play the leading feminine role.

Ray himself is delighted at the prospect of appearing on the stage once more, as it brings him in close touch with his public. He is also assisting Scarborough in the adaption of the story to the stage.

"We screen players all speak lines spontaneously in playing our scenes," explained Ray, "and sometimes, naturally, these lines are good—true to the situation. Mr. Scarborough is a wonderful writer, and I am taking nothing away from him. I surely wouldn't think of doing the adaptation myself. I merely mean that I am so enthusiastic over the stage version that I wish to leave no stone unturned to make it a success."

And certainly the fans who have grown to love Charlie Ray's screen characterizations will eagerly await his appearance on the stage.



Fan Wants Malcolm MacGregor To Play Oftener

ARE YOU A MOVIE FAN?

Do you wonder if your favorite screen star is married? Where she was born? Ask the COLONEL, Movie Weekly, 1926 Broadway, N. Y. C. A stamped, addressed envelope will bring a personal reply.

MISS FUCLOSE—Ever since your thirteenth birthday, you say, you've been getting over your timidity. Well, thirteen was a lucky number for you, wasn't it? By all means, ask your questions before I fall asleep. I always have a terrible time keeping awake after lunch, but business is business. The Artful Dodger in "Oliver Twist" was played by Edouard Trebaol. He is of French descent, one of a half dozen children. When their father died their mother had them all play in pictures.

RED-HEADED ME—So you think I have a few secrets about Richard Dix and Malcolm MacGregor? Well, upon my word, I never heard any skeletons rattle in either of their families. So you want Malcolm to play oftener. He probably feels like working now an and then. He seems to be busy making pictures most of the time. He is married and has a little daughter; he is twenty-six years old and is the son of a Newark millionaire. Richard Dix is twenty-nine and is not married. Your dream that I don't wear specs was quite right —whoever said I did?

BETH AND BELL—When you ask me the age of Clara Kimball Young, all I can say is, "She's Young." She doesn't give her age. Yes, Viola Dana and Shirley Mason are sisters; their real name is Flugrath. Viola is twenty-five. John Taylor in "Hearts Aflame" was played by Craig Ward. He seems to be a newcomer to the screen; I don't know anything about him at all.

CARRY LETTERS — Well, you'd have a heavy load if you attempted to carry all mine. Rudolph Valentino was born in Castellaneta, Italy, in 1895. He is five feet nine inches tall. He is in Europe now and isn't making any pictures for the time being. You must have been carrying letters R. F. D. or you would certainly know all that about Rudolph.

SALLY AND IKIE—Hello, there. I think Gordon Griffith is getting along very nicely. There's one thing about those screen actors —they do manage to get along. Dick Barthelmess is twenty-seven.

DOROTHY R.—So you're going to try not to be like Sally and Ikie? I think Sally and Ikie are very nice; I suppose you mean you won't write every week. Gloria Swanson's new picture is "Zaza." Write her at the Lasky Studio, Astoria, Long Island. Lila Lee and Bebe Daniels can both be reached at the Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood. Glenn Hunter lives at Hotel Des Artistes, 1 W. 67th St., New York. Rudolph is abroad at present. Conrad Nagel lives at 1846 Cherokee Ave., Hollywood.

BARNEY GOOGLE—Wait till I run and get you a lump of sugar. May McAvoy lives at 1 W. 67th St., N. Y. Write Theodore Roberts at the Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood. Mary Pickford lives at Pickfair, Beverly Hills, Cal. Constance Talmadge's address is 5341 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles. Rudolph Valentino is abroad at present, so I don't know where you can write him.

CLEOPATRA TUT—Tut, tut, Cleo, you are curious. Frank Mayo and his wife, Dagmar Godowsky, are not divorced but they are separated and there is talk of divorce. Lois Wilson has never been married. Pauline Garon is nineteen. Yes, Theodore Kosloff will continue to make pictures; his next will be "Every Day Love."

We couldn't blame anyone for wishing for the moon, with *Shirley Mason* sitting on it.

MISS INQUISITIVE — Well, I've heard of Mistaken and Mis-understanding but I never heard before of Miss Inquisitive. Yes, I can answer questions much better in cool weather, especially when I want to give icy answers. William Haines has been on the screen only about two years. He was discovered by Goldwyn's casting director in the search for new faces. No, he is not married. Write him at the Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, Cal. Ramon Novarro likes to dance, sing, and play the piano. Charles de Roche's address is Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood. Madge Bellamy is nineteen. No, Robert Agnew is not married. He is twenty-four and is five feet nine inches tall.

CLARENCE LINARDOS — What makes you think I don't know anything about John Gilbert? It would save me a lot of trouble if I just said you were right and let it go at that. But I must defend my honor. He was born in Logan, Utah in 1895—perhaps you're smart enough yourself to figure out how old he is—and educated at Hitchcock Military Academy, San Rafael, Cal. He now plays in Fox Pictures, his latest being "Cameo Kirby." He is married to Leatrice Joy and his address is the Los Angeles Athletic Club.

MOVIE MAD—Well, don't be movie mad at me for not giving you all those addresses in the magazine. If you read it every week, you must have read my next to favorite remark that I can't give more than four or five addresses to one answer or my page would begin to sound like a telephone directory, and then nobody would read it. I can't have that, you know, after all the trouble I take to write it. Write to Leatrice Joy, Betty Compson, Jacqueline Logan Thomas Meighan and Jack Holt all at the Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood.

HOPE TO BE ACTOR—How could you become an actor? Well, that is a hard question. If I knew how, I might become one myself—think of all the nice salary I'd get. No, Hope Hampton isn't married. She is twenty-three. Her address is 1540 Broadway, New York. Doug Fairbanks lives at Pickfair, Beverly Hills, Cal.

THE RINKYDINK HIKING CLUB—So you had some wild flowers and you also had a party? Was the party wild too? Thanks for the refreshments you sent, even if it was only the drawing of the refreshments. Since it would disappoint you if I told you your drawing of me doesn't resemble me I won't tell you no.

BERT—Richard Barthelmess is American and so is Harold Lloyd. Harold is twenty-nine. The captain in "Jazzmania" was played by Robert Frazer.

TEDDY—Lillian Gish is twenty-seven.

DICK—Charles Ray and Pearl White are both Americans.

BUDDY—Betty Compson is about twenty-four. She isn't married. Gloria Swanson is Mrs. Herbert Somborn.

JUST JACKIE—Don't worry, I won't get excited over your green ink. Now if it were Green River, it might be different. Mae Murray is Mrs. Robert Leonard. She is thirty years old. Yes, Mae Murray is her right name. She has only made one picture since "Jazzmania"; that is "The French Doll." She is now making "Fashion Row."

IMA SHEIK— Sorry I don't know the address of Snoky the ape; I don't correspond with him. But the next time you see one of his pictures, notice the company which produces it and write to that company for his picture. Jane and Katherine Lee are playing on the stage in England. Ben Turpin lives at 5560 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles.

RADIO BUG—Oh, I see, you like to play with the waves! Pauline Garon was the girl you mention in "Adam's Rib."

DOLL—By all means, drop me a line, but I don't guarantee to furnish the airplane for you to drop it from. According to latest reports, Pola Negri is not going to marry Charlie Chaplin. Ruth Roland has auburn hair and violet eyes. Wallie Reid died at the age of thirty-one.

Sincerely Yours
The Colonel

CHIT CHAT

About the Stars

Frank Mayo was sitting in a dilapidated, shabby old car that looked like a has-been or something that never was. Though Frank Mayo has two other cars, new and shiny, he is still attached to this old one, the relic of days when Frank was not a high-priced leading man.

Anyway, he was sitting in his dilapidated old roadster one day while his houseboy did some shopping for him, when an aged man approached and studied the ex-automobile with a feeble eye.

"Are you looking for something, sir?" Frank finally asked him.

"I was looking for Ezry," said the old man. "Might he be around here somewheres?"

"I don't know," said Frank. "Who is Ezra?"

"Why, Ezry Meeker, of course," the old man explained patiently. "Ain't this his prairie schooner?"

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Patsy Ruth Miller has been collecting impressions of San Francisco while there on location for Victor Seastrom's "The Judge and the Woman." And the picture postcard she sent to the folks back home was original, at least.

"We are now in San Francisco," she wrote, "where the street cars are elevators, and they clear the fog with snow ploughs."

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Kenneth Harlan, now playing in "The Virginian," was in a restaurant the other day when a sweet young thing dashed up to him ecstatically.

"Oh, Mr. Meighan," she lisped, "I simply must tell you how wonderful I think you are in 'Back Home and Broken.'"

She dashed away before Kenneth had time to recover and set her right as to his identity. But Kenneth's ego was reinstated the next day when he related the incident to Thomas Meighan.

"Don't take it to heart, Ken," Tom urged him, a twinkle in his eye. "The same girl came up to me last week. 'Oh, Mr. Harlan,' she said, 'I think your work is grand in "The Girl Who Came Back."'"

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Dot Farley, of Mack Sennett fame, made several pictures with Ben Turpin in which she kept her eyes crossed. She made such a hit that they gave her another cross-eyed role. She was all ready to play it when she happened to hear Ben Turpin tell the tale of how he got his cross-eyes.

He said that years ago he used to do comic impersonations and among other imitations he did one of Happy Hooligan. It was such a hit that for weeks and weeks he did Happy Hooligan, appearing every afternoon and night with his eyes crossed. And one morning when he started to shave, he found that his eyes were crossed and he couldn't straighten them.

He broke down and cried. He felt certain he was ruined.

But, partly because of those cross eyes, he is now building a mammoth apartment house next door to his Hollywood home.

Nevertheless, Dot Farley got scared when she heard the story. She said she wouldn't work in another cross-eyed role.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Charlie Chaplin has made a new star. No, it isn't Edna Purviance, though she does beautiful work in "A Woman of Paris," which Mr. Chaplin directed. It is Nellie Baker, a little nobody who has been keeping books in the studio for five years. Charlie gave her her chance and it looks as if she will be somebody very soon.

The Reel Dope

One of the twelve prize-winning beauties who are taking their first plunge in "Maytime," was standing near Cameraman Karl Struss as he gave the electricians their instructions.

"Kill the sun!" shouted Karl, indicating a large sun arc.

The little beauty prize winner looked distressed.

Struss ground the camera in silence for several minutes.

"Kill the twins!" he ordered, waving an arm in the general direction of the lights that bear that name.

The new screen player could stand it no longer. She turned pale.

"First it's the son, and now it's the twins," she palpitated. "Is 'Maytime' going to be one of those terrible murder pictures?"

◈ ◈ ◈

Of all the bunk that would-be scenario writers are given by way of helpful hints, there is one thing they are never told to do, and that is to dash off their story in half an hour, munching an apple or eating peanuts at the same time. Certainly no one would dream of giving the amateur such a hint as that. And yet—that is just the way Carey Wilson, of the Goldwyn scenario staff, writes his scripts.

When Carey feels a story about to descend on him, he dances and dances until he can just barely stagger to his car. Then he goes home, settles himself before his hearth-fire and pushes a bell. In answer to the summons, in comes a stenographer, bearing, in addition to her notebook and pencil, a sack of apples and a bag of salted peanuts.

Carey chews on an apple and crunches a few salted peanuts. By that time, he has the idea in good shape and he starts to dictate. In fifteen minutes, if all goes well, he has the story all done in a half an hour.

But if any budding scenarists try to dash off their little brain-childs with the same careless abandon, they'll find to their great distress, that *any* budding scenarist is *not* Carey Wilson.

Carmel Myers **wears this costume in** ***"The Dancer of the Nile."*** **It's a good thing those dancers lived in a warm climate.**

Jimmy Hogan, production manager for Rupert Hughes' troupe at the Goldwyn studio, received a phone call the other day from Al Kelly, assistant director.

"Rush Hughes on the set right away," said Kelly.

Jimmy got to work, but after an interval he called Kelly on the wire, a little peevishly.

"Say, what's the bright idea?" he demanded. "Do you think you're kidding me, or what? Major Hughes has been on the set all morning."

What Al had to say at this point, Jimmy Hogan hasn't repeated. But he took Al's advice and dashed as fast as he could to the dressing room of Major Hughes' son, Rush, to inform him that he was wanted on the set.

◈ ◈ ◈

Doug Fairbanks, Jr., seems to have inherited his father's sense of humor. In the midst of a heavy dramatic moment on the Lasky lot, where he is filming "Steven Steps Out," the sense of humor came to the fore.

He was getting kidnapped by a gang of ferocious looking Turks and was told to stand straight up and face them.

"Stand up and defy them with a melodramatic line," he was instructed.

Young Doug did as he was bidden. "Gee," was the line he thought of, "it looks like Thanksgiving!"

◈ ◈ ◈

Charles Gerrard at last has turned over a new leaf and left his villainy behind him—at least temporarily. After all these years, he is playing the hero, and making love to Sylvia Breamer. He poured out his thoughts to the sympathetic ears of his fellow-villain, Lew Cody.

"Lew," said he, "I love to play heroes and I wish I could convince the public that I can. Don't you suppose there is something I can do to prove that I can be a hero?"

"Sure," said Lew, "I know one good way to prove it—get married!"

And that's proof enough!

The Girl and the Ghost

(*Continued from page 12*)

It rolled drunkenly to one side. It was a wig.

Bobby and Skip bent low to gaze upon the altered countenance of the strange creature who had tormented them until this hour. Long they looked upon the features, plain beneath a rough make-up which added to them the horror which they possessed. Those features were familiar ones—features which they had seen often in pictures.

"Who is it? I know the face, but I can't recall," whispered Skip.

"I know!" cried Bobby suddenly. "We've seen the face in the papers often—only it had a beard there, and I'll bet the beard was false. It's the psychic professor—the man we wanted to sell the house to—Professor Salisbury—the old boy, himself!"

ANYONE in Frederick County will tell you that Mrs. Melchizadek Hope is famous for her tea.

She brews it in her own necromantic fashion with certain special details which she guards as a sacred trust, not to be imparted lightly. Both to nose and palate it is irresistible. Beneath its magic influence, doubts, cares, suspicions float away in the form of a delicate, aromatic vapor arising from her old-fashioned china cups.

At 2 o'clock that morning, Mrs. Melchizadek Hope had a tea party.

It was served in that famous chamber of the house—the kitchen. And in all her seventy-odd years, Mrs. Hope had never entertained a stranger assemblage of guests.

Propped in a rocking chair, paled a bit, but smiling grimly, was Galland. He had smilingly declined Bobby's professional offers and had insisted on having a Frederick physician summoned. From the station telephone at the base of the mountain word had been sent. The doctor had come; had spoken patronizingly of the slight flesh wound; had treated it, bandaged it, and departed, refusing tea. It seemed that the population of Frederick was about to be increased by one, possibly two, and that the doctor was to be the master of ceremonies.

In another rocker at the end of the room, flushed and smiling, was Louise, as buoyant and happy a young person as anyone would wish to behold. Certainly the outlandish experiences which she had undergone had met their match in the resilience and vitality that was as much a part of her soul as of her body. In one hand she held tightly a folded sheet of writing paper.

Barely an inch of space separated her chair from another. In the second chair sat Bobby Culberson, and shamelessly he remained there with his arm around Louise in a proprietary manner which she seemed rather to favor. His eyes devoured her.

Immediately in front of a plate piled high with cookies sat Skip. Everyone else had passed up the cookies. They were now passing down Skip.

Melchizadek Hope sat in the corner, smoking his pipe and beaming.

There had been a long silence.

"Louise," said Bobby tenderly, "won't you explain what you have been doing up in these mountains—and everything?"

"Why that's very simple," she returned. "I've been working up here—for my employer."

"Who is he?" asked Bobby, with a quick glance at Galland.

"THE New York *Planet*," replied Louise proudly. "After we had quarreled, Bobby, I made good my desire for a career and entered newspaper work. And I'm a success," she added emphatically. "You see, Bobby, the whole country has been reading about this old woman and the horse. The day you came up here the first story appeared in the *Planet*, but for several days Mr. Galland—who is a reporter on the Frederick *News* and the *Planet's* correspondent—has been writing it for his own paper. He wired us about it. I told our managing editor it was a fake and I would undertake to prove it. And he let me come. And that's about all.

"I lived up here, sleeping in an old farmhouse on the other side of the mountain, and hunting day and night, all by myself, for a clew to the old hag. Yesterday I found it. About a mile from here there is a deep ravine, and Professor Salisbury had built himself a remarkable hiding place there. I understand that during the war he was a camouflage expert in Mesopotamia—about the only decent thing in his career. He had a place, covered with boughs and trees, where he could hide his horses and live, and pretty well escape detection. But I found it. I was poking around among his things, and patting his horses, when he returned and found me.

"I recognized him at once. First I tried to pretend innocence, but he made it clear he suspected me, and he wouldn't let me go. Then I struggled with him, and managed to knock him senseless with a jug, and I got away. I had his secret, but I wasn't ready to go yet. I wanted to interview him and get a better story, under conditions where he wouldn't be in control. I hid outside, and then, when he came galloping along last night, I saw that he had discovered me. He wheeled his horse around to come after me, and I quickly circled your house, found the back door open and ran in. When I got out the window he overtook me and carried me off.

"I know he would like to have killed me. But he lacked the nerve. Tonight I managed to escape again—otherwise he would never have ventured out. And that," she smiled wearily, "is really all!"

During another pause, in the course of which Bobby brazenly took her hand right out in meeting and kissed it three times, Skip demolished the penultimate cookie in the dish. On this remaining remnant of his feast he placed a shaking finger and asked:

"Did we really do the right thing in letting Salisbury go?"

Louise held up the paper which she clasped.

"This is all that I desired," she said. "It is his confession. It will back up the expose which I am writing for the *Planet*, listen."

Slowly and clearly she read as follows:

"I, William Cloke, alias Professor Salisbury, alias Circus Klein, alias Joe the Turtle, do hereby of my own free will and accord confess that I am a false spirit medium. I came to this country to make money. I got a lot of rich people interested in my Society for the Supernatural Research. To advertise my plans, I announced I wanted to buy a haunted house and would use it as my headquarters. In England I once met the late Timothy Culberson, and he had told me the legend of this old house. It impressed me. When I found public sentiment waning a little, I made up my mind the scheme needed real advertising. So I decided to have my agent—Miss Del Ray, the mind reader—buy the house for me for a few hundred dollars, in New York, and meanwhile I came down here to give it a real haunted reputation. But Miss Del Ray bungled matters and couldn't buy the house, for some reason or other. And now I am caught here and facing prison for kidnapping a young woman. I intend to go away, to Australia, change my name, and profit by my experience.

"The next time I try anything like this, I'll know what to watch out for, anyhow.

(Signed) WILLIAM CLOKE."

Bobby turned to Skip and the two burst out laughing.

"He came up here for the same reason we did," crowed Skip. "To haunt this house and make money out of it!"

"How's that?" asked Louise.

But here Mrs. Melchizadek Hope interfered. She said it was time for Louise to go to bed. Which, as her husband commented later, it was.

By diplomatic maneuvering, Bobby and Louise found themselves alone in the kitchen for a few brief moments.

"Louise," murmured Bobby eagerly, "the last time we were engaged we delayed our wedding a week—and then we quarreled!"

"Yes," confirmed Louise, her lashes dropping.

"In the town of Frederick, Maryland, they have jewelers, license clerks and preachers of all denominations," urged Bobby. "Why not tomorrow morning—early?"

"But what about Hetty?" asked Louise. At noon of the following day there was a hastily but delightfully arranged wedding luncheon in the New City Hotel, on Patrick Street, in Frederick.

THERE was a shyly beautiful bride, called Louise, and a proud and red-faced bridegroom, called Bobby, and a wistful best man, sur-titled Skip. Then there were some beaming guests, known as a Mr. Galland and Mr. and Mrs. Melchizadek Hope.

"Our train leaves at 6:10 this evening," explained Bobby. "It's only a little past noon. Let's go back to the old house and get that old diary and some other things, and see Mr. and Mrs. Hope safely home in the bargain."

They agreed it was a wonderful idea, and it was carried out. On the climb up the mountain, Bobby was slightly in the lead. He came to the brow of the hill first, and was astonished to see a man and a girl standing in front of the house. A second glance told him the whole blasted truth. It was Hilary Delton and his daughter, Hetty!

They caught sight of him at the same time, and Hetty ran toward him with buoyant crows of pleasure.

"Oh—oh, Bobby!" she cooed, and rushing upon him gaily, she threw her arms around him and smacked her lips roundly against his. Just at that moment, Louise and the rest of the bridal party climbed the top of the hill. Hilary Delton came forward and shook Bobby's hands affably.

"Bobby," he said, "our car is below. I've an important engagement in Washington this evening, so I must hurry. I want to talk business to you, and I'll get right down to cases. I understand that house is yours. Well, I want to buy it!"

"But I've promised to deed it to the tenants," explained Bobby, trying to withdraw gracefully from Hetty's open and evident affection.

"I'll give you one hundred thousand dollars for that house—and I have a bill of sale drawn up, and a certified check with me," continued Delton blandly, drawing the papers from his pocket.

"Why do you want to give me a hundred thousand dollars for that house?" faltered Bobby dazedly.

"That's a secret I cannot tell you until the deal is closed."

"Wait a minute, Mr. Delton, please!"

Bobby walked over to the Hopes and rapidly explained the situation. He offered them exactly one-half—fifty thousand dollars. Awe-struck, they accented at once.

"All right, Mr. Delton, I'll sell it," announced Bobby, returning.

The bills of sale were signed with Delton's fountain pen and witnessed by Skip and Melchizadek. Then Bobby pocketed the certified check and turned to find Hetty, with pursed lips, standing on tip-toe beside him.

"I've wonderful news for you, Bobby," she said.

(*Continued on page 31*)

Who Is She?

Who is the famous screen star who tells the inside story of life among the movie studios? You all know her—have seen her womanly loveliness, and felt its radiant charm upon the silver-sheet. Her identity, however, remains hidden. But in "The Secret Story of My Life in the Studios" is revealed all else that is fascinating about this well-known and popular star.

The Secret Story of My Life in the Studios

(*Continued from page 5*)

down, but all the time I was eating I was waiting for him to come in.

When he did come in my heart gave a great, single pound against my ribs, and then I didn't look up at him again.

I had seen enough. He was so tall, so fair, so brilliant looking. Why, he was like one of the screen people, all luminous.

After supper he sort of hung around the front porch and after a few minutes I came out and sort of carelessly sat down on the top step. He stood there a bit and then he said, "Aren't you the daughter of the lady who runs this house?"

"Yes," I said.

"Do you care if I sit down by you?" he asked.

"No," I said.

"What do you do?" he began. He lit a cigarette and I thrilled like fire when I saw his careless, magnificent hand flicking the match.

"Oh, nothing," I said, "that is, not yet. . . ."

"What are you going to do?" he asked.

"Oh," I said, ruffling my skirts, "I'm going to be a movie actress!"

Then he turned around and looked at me. "Y'are!" he said. "Gosh, when?"

"Oh, I don't know," I said. "I haven't quite decided. When I . . . when I get an . . . an opening."

"Do you know how to go about it?" he asked. "Have you got any pull?"

"I'll know how to go about it soon enough," I said, and tried to appear dark and mysterious.

"That'll be great," he said, "but you're pretty young. I don't think I *believe* in actresses, myself."

"You don't?" Then, in order to turn the talk away from me I said, "What are you going to do?"

"Oh, I'm going to play the piano for the theatre down the street for awhile. I'll tell you, if you won't breathe it. I've had a fight with my folks. Dad's a druggist and he wanted me to get behind the counter and rustle ice cream sodas, but I couldn't stand for that gaff! I felt I had something bigger in me than . . . ah . . . sodas. I don't quite know what it is yet. I like music, some, but there's not much money in it. I've come out here to think things out. Gosh, we're something alike . . . don't quite know how to go about things. . . ."

"You might be a movie actor," I said, quite boldly, "you're awful good looking. I think you're as good looking as ——— is. And he's awful popular."

CLEMENCE considered the heavenly stars for a bit. "Aw," he said, after a while, "quit yer kidding . . . say, d'you wanter go for a walk?"

"Yes," I said.

We walked away from the town, out to the outskirts. A narrow river ran along a rambling wood. "Dare you to go in the woods with me?" he said.

"Take your dare!" I said.

In the woods I became tongue-loose.

The wild words gushed out, in broken, incoherent bits. Young words, wide of their mark.

He listened to me, but I didn't seem to think that he was hearing me very well.

The moon was riding over the trees. It showed me his face. His face was all white and strained.

Suddenly he said in such a queer voice, "How old are you?"

"Sixteen," I said. "Why?"

"Have you ever loved a fellow? Ever had a sweetheart?"

"Oh, no. No."

"Never?"

"Never!"

"You're so pretty. . . . You're so pretty. . . ."

"No. . . . Have you? Have *you* ever had a girl?"

"Oh, yes. Yes . . . not like you. So pretty . . . If I love you, you can't be a movie actress. . . ."

I remember that I felt a slight cold shock in the midst of my suddenly shaken blood. "Why?" I asked.

"Why, because you'll have to be mine! You'll have to belong to me! You'll have to!"

"Yes . . . I know."

"You know? You'll be mine . . . you will?"

And then he kissed me. (*Continued next week*)

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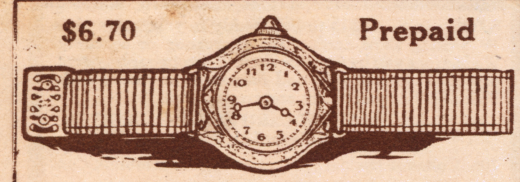

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English Fans Rush To Greet Valentino

(*Continued from page* 19)

The hundreds of letters which Rudolph Valentino received every day were not only from admirers asking for photos and autographs, but there were many among them emanating from prominent people in the film trade inviting the Valentinos to a "*soirée*" or to a "tea party."

Very often I happened to be alone with "Rudy" in his apartment. The phone bell was ringing all the time I was there. I replied many times. Here is one of these conversations:

"Hello. I am an admirer, can I have a photograph, Mr. Valentino?"

"Send your name and address," I replied, "and you shall have it."

"Oh, thank you so much, Mr. Valentino!"

"It is not Mr. Valentino," I said, while "Rudy" was smiling at my reply.

"Who is it, then?" insisted the voice—a lady's voice always—with a certain disappointment. . . .

And I hung up the receiver without giving any further answer.

"I thought we could have a rest here," said "Rudy," "but it is not possible. Before we get up the phone is ringing and it rings till very late in the night and during the day there is a queue of journalists; well, I ask you, when can we find time for a rest?"

"Popularity, Mr. Valentino," I replied, "always brings these inconvenient consequences."

And the telephone? The secretary who had already enough to do to reply to the hundreds of letters coming from all over the country, was interrupted in her work by the phone or the call of Mr. S——— or Mr. J———, who were qualifying themselves as being "the best London tailors."

But Rudolph, although happy to see that he is so popular over here, told me that he awaits with pleasure the moment when he will be back in the States. the country that made him popular in Europe.

The Virginian

(*Continued from page* 23)

the little cabin that housed the school ma'am. No sign of her, however, was visible to his keen but covert scrutiny, and he rode by with a feeling of real disappointment in his breast. Turning his horse at the far end of Medicine Bow, he rode back again through the town with its main street lined with crude, unpainted stores, past the cabin of Mollie Woods.

No sign of the pretty Eastern girl could he discern and it was not until his fifth trip back and forth along the narrow street that he became suddenly conscious of the ridiculous figure he might be presenting. The thought that as he passed and repassed the cabin of the school teacher she had been behind the curtained window watching him made his face burn with embarrassment.

WITH this emotion uppermost, he directly turned the head of his horse toward the school teacher's dwelling and rode into the dooryard. He regretted he had hesitated so long in reaching his decision, for in this wise, he could speedily learn how matters stood between them.

Dismounting in the dooryard, he knocked at the door, hat in hand. He was compelled to wait an interval before it opened, and as the moments passed he began to think there was no one at home. Presently, however, he heard a sound within, and the next instant the door opened to disclose a girl in a shirtwaist with a suspiciously flushed face. It was the new school ma'am.

The Virginian, upon beholding her, thought at first that she might have been crying and his heart pounded tumultously at the idea. Manlike, it at once occurred to him to imagine the grief to be at his expense.

"Pardon me, ma'am," he said slowly, with a bow, "but I stopped to inquire if you were still angry at me."

With what seemed like a great effort, the young school teacher summoned a look of immense gravity to her face and stepped back.

"Won't you come in?" she said gravely.

The Virginian, with graceful dignity, entered the small room with its curtained windows and luxuriated for a moment in all the evidence of feminine handiwork that surrounded him. So different was it than the bunkhouse environment he had known at the ranch that its atmosphere for the moment intoxicated him.

He turned about, facing her, and found her waiting for him to speak. A new awkwardness filled him that was quite in contrast to the self-confidence he had felt yesterday. Here, confronted by this slim, beautiful girl, he no longer enjoyed the sense of power that he had known the day before. The battery of feminine allurements and mysteries was turned against him, and in this cool, dainty room, so eloquent of her woman's touch, he felt helpless to say things he felt he had wanted to say.

"I—I just stopped in to say—to say I was sorry about the other night," he stammered awkwardly, the words slipping from him in uncontrolled utterance.

She met his humility silently, but suddenly he felt that her mood had changed.

"Well," she retorted finally, "I'm glad to hear you say that and—and I hope you'll call again, sometime."

HOW he found himself, hat in hand, outside again, he never knew, but once more on the back of his horse and cantering home toward Judge Henry's ranch, a new feeling possessed him. A song was in his heart, for he realized at last that he was deeply, gloriously in love and that the object of his adoration did not despise him quite as utterly as he had believed.

So absorbed was he in the contemplation of this that the ranch was reached before he knew it, and with his horse turned loose in the corral, he was on his way toward the bunkhouse and supper.

As he neared the building, a voice hailed him and he paused. It was one of the boys.

"Say!" it said. "Heard the news? Trampas has left the ranch and took Steve with him."

So it happened in spite of all he could do. And Trampas had won. Well, it seemed to him after all that Steve certainly wasn't worth it. But what about the Judge's cattle? The Virginian's jaw squared in a look of intense determination. He turned toward the ranch house.

(*Continued next week*)

Station M-O-V-I-E Broadcasting

Latest Screen News

Harold Lloyd, star and producer of "Why Worry?" his latest picture, is being sued, it is reported, by Owen Davis, the playwright, for the cool sum of $100,000. Mr. Davis claims that the "Why Worry?" picture was founded upon his stage play, "A Nervous Wreck," which appeared in New York recently.

The play was originally tried out in Wilke's Stock Company in Los Angeles, where both Hal Roach, the producer of "Why Worry?" and Harold Lloyd himself admit having seen it. Both deny, however, any similarity in idea, with Roach pointing out that the Lloyd picture is built around a giant—a marked point of difference, it is maintained, from the stage play. The Davis play was based upon a story by E. R. Tait, which appeared originally in Munsey's Magazine.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Betty Blythe, at a recent luncheon in London, commented upon the difference between the status of screen actors here and in England. "In England," said Miss Blythe, who is shortly to return home, "a screen star is an artist, whereas in America he or she is a machine."

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

A new picture, entitled "The Hygienics of Marriage," has just been completed by the German-American Film Union, and has passed the censors, it is said, with comparatively little cutting. The picture is more than usually daring, it is reported, in its treatment of the subject of marriage, attempting to do in pictures what most of the books on the subject have done in words.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Mae Marsh is to be starred in the Warner Brothers' screen version of "Daddies," the David Belasco stage play. In the supporting cast will be Monte Blue, Harry Myers, and Claude Gillingwater.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Lew Cody, so 'tis said, is reported to be engaged to marry Irene Dalton. Mr. Cody is well-known as a screen villain, and we're wondering just what sort of a husband a good villain makes.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

So high are the rentals that many producers are charging for their pictures that several exhibitors have tried the innovation of putting on stock companies instead of pictures. Thus far the plan seems to have worked out well, with the public responding readily to the appeal of the stage play.

Charles Ray is to forsake the films—at least temporarily—and appear on the speaking stage. The play will be a dramatization of "The Girl I Loved," by George Scarborough, which has already reached the screen with Ray as the star. Walter Hast will produce the play.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Norma Talmadge's next picture after "The Dust of Desire," will be "Secrets." The latter was a last season stage success and is said to provide the talented Norma with emotional opportunities unlike any she has known in some time.

In "Ashes of Vengeance," it will be recalled, Norma played a more or less straight part of an historical maid, whereas in "The Dust of Desire" she essayed the role of an Arab dancing girl. In "Secrets," however, she will have the part of a modern young society woman, who becomes cast into the great drama of several conflicting destinies.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Sidney Chaplin, Charlie's inimitable brother, will play the leading part in First National's production of "Her Temporary Husband." Supporting Mr. Chaplin will be Owen Moore, Sylvia Breamer, Tully Marshall, Chuck Reisner, Charles Gerard and George Cooper.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

When the Cosmopolitan company, which is filming "Unseeing Eyes," from Arthur Stringer's story, "Snowblind," went to the Canadian Rockies on location recently, it had many extraordinary experiences in that wild and picturesque land. One of the guides to the expedition, named Conrad Kein, became a favorite with the company, and many dull evenings were enlivened by his efforts, which included yodeling in the most expert manner.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Tom Mix will commence work soon on another Zane Grey novel, called 'The Lone Star Ranger." The story concerns the life of a man who first becomes an outlaw and then a Ranger, and it represents one of the best of the Zane Grey books. No more picturesque, quick-on-the-trigger character in all fiction exists than Buck Duane, the hero of "The Lone Star Ranger."

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

In Pola Negri's next vehicle, to be called "My Man," she will have playing opposite her Charles De Roche, the well-known French actor, who has been appearing in Paramount productions. Both players have been noted for the intense emotional quality of their screen work, and it is predicted that the sparks will fly when Pola and Charles come together.

The Girl and the Ghost

(*Continued from page* 28)

"What's that?" fluttered Bobby, with an uneasy glance over his shoulder.

"Your Uncle Henry's dead!"

"When did he die?" asked Bobby.

"The cablegram came the day you left town. You weren't home, but your uncle's lawyer also got one, and when he couldn't get in touch with you, some of your friends told him to call me up. And that's how I knew. And Bobby—he left you more than a million dollars!"

"Hu—what?"

"Uh—hum!"

"He left me a million dollars?" croaked Bobby, hoarsely.

"Exactly—you stupid, ducky old boy. And he tied a funny little string around it—stated in his will that you couldn't have the money unless you made a hundred thousand dollars within a year. And that's where little Hetty stepped in, Bobby. I told Dad all about it—and Dad, like a good sport, understood. He lent me a hundred thousand dollars, and came up here and bought your house. Now, under the will, you can claim your money. And now we can be married and everything!"

"Just a minute!" said Skip. "Is this sale perfectly legal, Mr. Delton?" he asked. "Can anything on earth break it?"

"Nothing," said Delton loftily. "I have consulted the most expensive lawyers in New York!"

"Good!" agreed Skip. "Now go ahead and tell them, Bobby."

"What's it all about, Bobby?" asked Louise, coming forward for the first time and taking his arm.

Bobby grinned wanly.

"Mr. Delton," he said, "I want you to meet my wife . . . And, Mr. Delton, I am going to return you this money—just as soon as I collect from Uncle Henry's lawyers. In the meantime, we are just starting on our honeymoon and this fifty thousand profit is going to come in mighty handy, believe me!"

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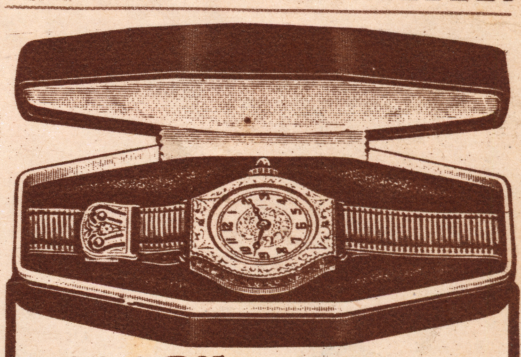

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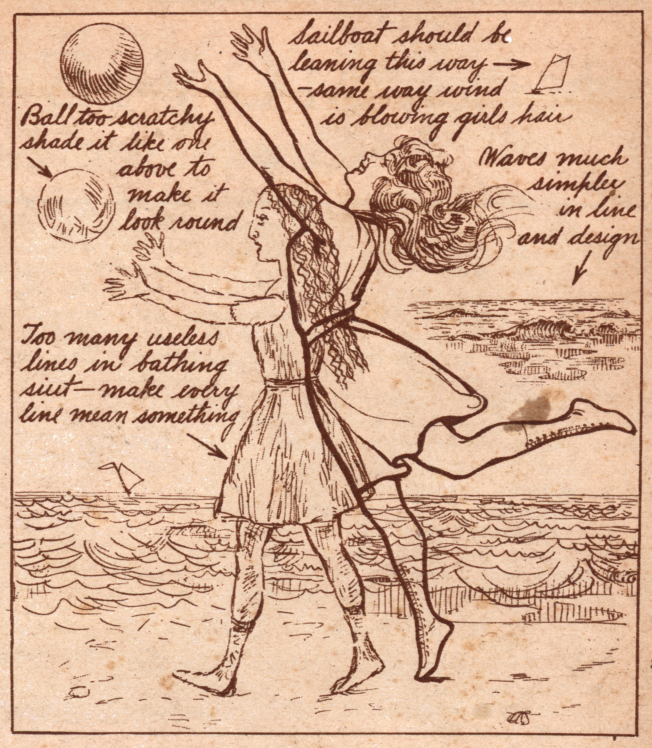

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